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A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.



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BOSTON, MASS.

A FISHERMAN'S LUCK

A Comedy-Drama in Four Acts

BY
W. P. GETCHELL

AS FIRST PERFORMED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE PLYMOUTH BAND
AT DAVIS'S OPERA HOUSE, PLYMOUTH, MASS.,
APRIL 3D AND 4TH, 1891.

BOSTON

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CHARACTERS.

As originally cast in the first performance of the piece at Davis's Opera House, Plymouth, Mass., April 3d, 1891.

TOM MANLY, *a poor fisherman* MR. W. P. GETCHELL
WILLIAM FARREN, *alias Squire Hammond*, MR. L. ALLEN BRADFORD
JAMES HAMMOND, *Farren's son* MR. A. S. BURNS
DAVID MORRIS, *known as Uncle Davie* MR. F. H. PERKINS
SILAS KIDDER, *stage-struck* MR. J. H. DAMON
REV. GEORGE MEDHURST MR. C. M. DOTEN
ROSE PRESCOTT, *Hammond's ward* MISS MARIA B. KNAPP
MRS. MANLY, *Tom's mother* MRS. ANNIE MOREY
RUTH MANLY, *Tom's sister* MISS SARAH H. FULLER
LITTLE NELLIE, *a waif of the ocean* MISS EMMA C. BROWN

COSTUMES.— *Modern and appropriate.*

TIME.— *The present.*



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SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—*Tom Manly's home on the coast of Maine.* "Home, sweet home." A villain's scheme. Father and son. "For the land's sake, who's that man bringin' here?" Rose Prescott's return. A stage-struck rustic. "I 'dough' know." "Ah, Mother, home again!" Tom's surprise. Hammond's vow. "She shall be mine!" The lottery ticket. Uncle Davie tells his story. Si in a box. A fisherman's love. "Darn it, it's something you've got to get used to!" A villain's proposal. The old home threatened. The lucky number. "There stands the criminal; I bought that ticket of him."

ACT II.—SCENE 1. *Interior of High Point Lighthouse.* Si and Ruth at love-making. Uncle Davie interrupts. Tom's fortune. Too late to save the old home. A wild night. Nellie's appeal. "Don't go, Tom!" The plot thickens. The robbery. SCENE 2. *Exterior of Lighthouse.* Into the waves. "My God, it's Nellie!" Saved!

ACT III.—SCENE 1. *Hammond's home.* The forged letter. James renews his proposal. "I'd rather die than marry you!" SCENE 2. *Tom's home in Boston.* James's visit. A message of love. Si's letter. Ruth indignant. "Si, come right here to your mother." SCENE 3. *A Child's vision.* Death of little Nellie. "O God, Thy will be done!"

ACT IV.—*Rose's home in Maine.* Tom's disclosure. Uncle Davie's joy. "There's something wrong here." Marriage bells. The accusation. "My God, the fool has found me out!" "Hug him, Ruth, he deserves it!" A wedding interrupted. "That girl is my daughter!" A villain foiled. "We're going to have a wedding here yet!" A Fisherman's Luck.

One week is supposed to have elapsed between Acts One and Two, one month between Acts Two and Three, and one year between Acts Three and Four.



A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

ACT I.

SCENE. — TOM MANLY'S kitchen. Door, C.; windows, C. and R.; grain-box, R.; chairs, etc., R. and L.; table, R. C. At rise of curtain MRS. MANLY stands listening to the boys singing off L. As they cease she speaks.

MRS. MANLY. Talk about your high-toned opera, but that's what I call real music. It can't help being good, it comes from the heart. Lord, bless 'em! A happier set of fellows never lived. There they are out there on the Reach watching for Tom's vessel; but if they see her before little Nell does, they'll have to look sharp. But, for the land's sake, Tom's coming home to-day, and here it is the middle of the forenoon, and no work done yet! Ruth is off in that boat of hers, I s'pos'. (*Looks off L.*) Well, if here ain't Squire Hammond coming up the walk.

(*Goes to table, R. C., and kneads dough. SQUIRE enters, L. C.*)

SQUIRE. Good-morning, Mrs. Manly. Busy as usual, I see.

MRS. M. For the land's sake, Squire, how do you s'pos' poor folks is going to get a living if they ain't busy? And good, honest work won't hurt anybody; besides, it keeps them out of mischief.

SQUIRE. Then you don't have much time for mischief, do you? (*Sits in chair.*)

MRS. M. No, I don't; and I think it would be just as well if some of my neighbors had less; but there, some folks expect to get a living out of other people, and I suppose they do.

SQUIRE. Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Manly? You surely cannot think that I would try to get my living from other people.

MRS. M. That's just what I do think, and what's more, I think you are here now for the sole purpose of seeing about the mortgage on this place, when you know we haven't got a cent to pay you.

SQUIRE. Well-er-yes, I did call to see if you have the money; you know it becomes due to-morrow.

MRS. M. So soon? And then, I suppose, you will turn us out of this dear old home (*with emotion*), the only place I care for in the whole world. Here my children were born; here my dear husband died; but I — I suppose we must leave it.

SQUIRE. My dear Mrs. Manly, I have no desire to turn you from your home, but business is business, and I must have my money. It was an honest transaction; your husband came to me and borrowed the money. Had he not been so foolish —

MRS. M. Look here, Squire Hammond, don't you call my husband foolish. If he was alive and here to speak for himself, you wouldn't dare to.

SQUIRE. Oh, very well. But I must have the money or the place, and I had just as soon have the place, as Rose is coming home to-day, and I intend to make a match between her and my son. With a little renovating, this will make a good place for them to begin life in.

MRS. M. Well, Squire Hammond, when I was young, girls married men because they loved 'em — not because somebody else wanted 'em to. (*Slaps the flour off hands and exit.*)

SQUIRE. The old lady doesn't seem in the best of spirits this morning. Well, she has lived here quite a number of years, and I suppose she feels badly about leaving. Ah, Farren, it was a good speculation when you took a mortgage on this place, for you have more than doubled your money. (*Enter JAMES HAMMOND hurriedly.*)

JAMES. Why, halloo, Guv'nor! I thought you went to the station after Rose.

SQUIRE. No, James, I have sent the carriage after her, and, as I had a little business to attend to with Tom Manly, I came here.

JAMES (*aside*). What business can he have with Tom, I wonder? Well, I am going down to Barton's to look at his new horse. They say she's a beauty. (*Going.*)

SQUIRE. James, I have something to tell you before Rose comes home that is of great importance.

JAMES. Well, be quick about it, as I am in a hurry.

SQUIRE. Don't be so impatient, James. I think this matter will interest you as well as myself.

JAMES (*comes down*). Oh, ho! Well, if it's so interesting, let's hear it.

SQUIRE. Well, then (*turns; looks about stage, and then comes close to JAMES*), I am not worth a dollar in the world.

JAMES (*starts back*). Not worth a dollar in the world! Why, what do you mean?

SQUIRE (*looks about stage*). Listen, and I will tell you. Some years ago I was returning from a distant part of the country. On our voyage home I became acquainted with a man who was immensely rich. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship. His wife had died some time before, and he was returning to the home of his childhood with his only child, a little girl. Well, during the voyage he became very sick, and, knowing he could live but a few hours (*becoming agitated*), he called me to his bedside, and told me he had no relatives in the world, and asked me to be a father to his child, to give her a good education, and, when she became of

age, to give her all the money there was left after taking enough to pay me for my trouble.

JAMES. And that child is Rose.

SQUIRE. Yes; and she will soon become of age. Then, if she should become acquainted with the secret of her birth, we would be left penniless.

JAMES. But — but — she need never know it; there is no one to inform her but yourself.

SQUIRE. Yes, I know; but — er — the fact is, James, I want you to marry Rose. Then, should she ever discover the secret we hold, we should feel a good deal easier; and five hundred thousand is too much money to lose by trifling.

JAMES. Marry her? You seem to forget, Guv'nor, that it takes two to make a bargain of that sort. Perhaps Rose won't agree to the union.

SQUIRE. Rose has always been a dutiful child, and I have no doubt will accede to my wishes. Why should she not?

JAMES. You know before she went away to school she professed a great liking for Tom Manly.

SQUIRE. Yes; but that was only a childish whim. She is now a young lady, and can see the folly of a marriage with a poor fisherman.

JAMES. Well, Guv'nor, I can't say that I like the situation very well, but it will be a little out of the general course of every-day life here, and will afford a little amusement, anyway, so I will do my best to please her. (*Exit, C. L.*)

SQUIRE (*watching him off*). Little does he think what it has cost me to keep that secret so long. The days of fear, the nights of — my God! I must not think of them; I must not think of them. And I have done it all for him. (*Mrs. M. enters.*) Ah, I have suffered too much to lose that money now! Yes, Rose must marry him. By Heaven, she shall!

MRS. M. For the land's sake, Squire, ain't you gone yet? If you want to see Tom you'll have to call again, as he ain't got home yet.

SQUIRE. Very well, Mrs. Manly, very well. When he comes, be kind enough to tell him I wish to see him. Good-morning. (*Exit, C. L.*)

MRS. M. (*looking after him*). Well, they say it takes all kinds of people to make a world, but it does seem as though we might get along just as well without some of them. (*Goes down R.; RUTH and NELLIE enter, R.*) So I'm to send Tom to see him when he comes home. Poor Tom! He has worked so hard to pay off that mortgage, but luck seems to be agin him, and I s'pos' we have got to lose the old place.

RUTH (*C. back*). Ship ahoy!

MRS. M. (*starts*). For the land's sake, Ruth, why don't you scare anybody to death, and done with it?

RUTH. Did we startle you, mother? We didn't mean to; but

we've had such a lovely sail, my feelings had to find vent somehow. We've been way around the point, and down on the other side to the old wreck. They say it is haunted; but we didn't see any ghost, did we, Nellie?

NELLIE. No; but Mr. Kidder gave me a cent if I wouldn't tell anybody he kissed Ruth. But you won't tell anybody, will you, Grammy? (*Runs to MRS. M.*)

MRS. M. So that's what made your sail so lovely, is it? Now look here, Ruth! I don't know but what Si Kidder is all right, but you ain't old enough to have a beau yet; and if I see him around here again, he'll catch it — that's all.

RUTH. I don't believe you'll catch him, for he can run like a deer; but what's poor Si done? He hasn't done nothing.

MRS. M. No; and, what's more, he never will. He's got his head stuck into one of them play actor books all the time; and sech men never amount to nothing.

NELLIE. O Grammy, guess what we saw when we was coming home?

MRS. M. I don't know, darling. What?

NELLIE. Tom's vessel, way off on the water; and he'll be at home to-day, sure, won't he, Grammy?

MRS. M. I hope he will, dear. (*Aside.*) My boy coming to-day! God bless him! But how did you know it was Tom's vessel?

NELLIE. Because we looked through the glass, and saw the flag you and Ruth made for him. Didn't we, Ruth?

RUTH. Yes, we did. Why, mother, I believe she would pick Tom's vessel out from among a thousand. (*Looks off L.*) Well, as I live, if here ain't Uncle Davie coming with a woman!

MRS. M. Now who on airth is that man bringing here? (*Takes pan of dough from table and looks off L. C.*) Come, Nellie, if we're going to have company you must be fixed up a little; and Tom's coming to-day. (*Puts pan on chair R., and looks off L.*) Now, who can it be? Ruth, you'll have to put the spare room in order. Come, Nellie. (*Exit NELLIE and MRS. M., R. 3 E.*)

RUTH (*looking off L.*). Well, if it ain't Rose Prescott — and ain't she lovely? Tom always did like her before she went away; wonder what he will think of her now? (*Comes down R.*)

UNCLE DAVIE (*outside; speaking as he enters*). Right up this way, Miss. 'Tain't like city sidewalks; but, Lard bless ye! it's something you've got to get used to. (*Puts ROSE's satchel down C.*)

ROSE. So here I am, home again. Why, Ruth Manly, you dear old darling! (*Embraces her.*)

RUTH. Rose, I'm so glad to see you. But why did you come with Uncle Davie?

ROSE. Well, you see I was standing on the platform at the station looking for our carriage, and what should appear before my startled vision but Tom's chariot; and such a one it is! I should know it anywhere. Well, I hailed the driver, who proved to be

that gentleman there (*pointing to* UNCLE DAVIE), and asked in my most bewitching manner, "Sir, will you be kind enough to take me as a passenger to Mr. Manly's?" He looked at me a moment, then said (*imitates* UNCLE DAVIE), "Sartin, sartin; but you'll have to set on a bag of taters all the way." Well, I set myself, and here I am. But we had just a jolly time, didn't we? Ah, I forgot we hadn't been introduced yet. Ruth, ahem! (*Strikes attitude.*)

RUTH (*burlesque bus.*). Mr. David Morris, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Miss Rose Prescott. Miss Rose Prescott, allow me to present my friend, Mr. David Morris. How's that?

DAVID. Capital. Miss Prescott, allow me to congratulate you on becoming acquainted with so distinguished a man as myself. Ahem! (*Struts across stage.*)

ROSE. Ha, ha, ha! Well, there's conceit for you.

UNCLE D. Conceit! That's nothing. It's something you've got to get used to. But here I am dickering with you two girls, and that poor old hoss waiting to be fed; so jest make yourself at home, Miss Rose, and if you should be lonesome, don't fail to call on your humble servant. (*Goes to C. and turns.*) I have seen that face before, but where could it have been? (*Exit, C. L.*)

ROSE. O Ruth, isn't he jolly? I have only been acquainted with him two short hours, and it seems as though I had known him years.

RUTH. Yes; he seems to be one of the best of men. He is so obliging: there is nothing he will not do for me.

ROSE. Ha, ha, ha! Just like you. You always make the men do as you want them to. But where did he come from?

RUTH. Well, his history is somewhat obscure. One morning, after a terrible storm, Tom found him on the beach almost dead. He seemed to be in a kind of stupor, for when moved he would look up into their faces so pitifully and murmur, "O God! let me die; they stole my child, my child." Tom brought him home, and here he has been ever since. Nellie called him Uncle Davie one day, and he goes by that name altogether now.

ROSE. Nellie? And who is Nellie, pray?

RUTH. Oh, another waif of the ocean. We've got a regular Orphan's Home. She is about six years old, and Tom loves her as he loves his life.

ROSE. Happy Nellie! I envy her already. Uncle Davie, as you call him, told me Tom was coming home to-day. Oh, I would so like to see him!

RUTH. And Tom would like to see you, or I am no judge; for there is hardly a week that goes by, that he does not speak of his "Little Sweetheart," and wonder how she is getting along in her studies.

ROSE. Oh, I'm so glad! As the poet says, "'Tis sweet to be remembered;" and you know I always regarded Tom as a brother. But where is Aunt Ruth? I must see her, and then cut across the field home, where, I suppose, Guardy is anxiously waiting for me.

RUTH. She and Nellie just went into the other room. Shall I show you the way?

ROSE. No, thanks; I will steal in and surprise her, for I know she will not expect to see me. (*Exit, R. 3 E.*)

RUTH (*looking after ROSE*). Well, she is the same jolly girl as ever. She regard Tom as a brother; indeed! If she don't love him because he's somebody else's brother, then I am no judge of love, that's all. Ah, love, love! If that Si Kidder had any wit, he wouldn't have kissed me before that child. I knew she would tell, and now if he falls into mother's clutches, no knowing what will happen. Well, he brought it all on himself. (*Si enters C. L. and comes down C., reading drama; falls over ROSE's satchel.*)

SI. How has the mighty fallen? (*Rises, looking at book.*) Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes; the villain crosses to left and then— (*As he speaks he crosses to L., and stands face to face with RUTH.*) Why, holloa, Ruth. I was just rehearsing my part in this play.

RUTH. Yes, you are always rehearsing, but that's all it ever amounts to. O Si! why don't you go to work as you ought to?

SI. Work! work! Why, Ruth, those hands were never made to work. You can't stop the throbs of ambition that beat beneath this vest with common labor. You may as well try to stop the fire of Hades with a common squirt-gun.

RUTH. Well, if mother catches you round here, your throbs of ambition will stop in a hurry.

SI. Do you mean me to infer that your beloved parent has forbidden me to exist on these premises?

RUTH. That's just what I do mean.

SI. Then I'm supposed to be dead for the present. Now, just listen to this. (*Crosses stage and looks at book; strikes attitude.*) You here? You? On such a night as this? Ten years have I looked for you; you thought to escape me, you— (*Stops; looks at book, and begins again.*) You thought, perhaps, that after all these long years of suffering, I would forget you; but did you think that after such a monstrous wrong, I could forgive you? No! no! you knew better—you knew me too well to ever expect forgiveness. Even as I speak, visions of the past come before me— (*Looks at book.*) All is repose; slumber rests heavily on the eyelids of the city; the great bell in the distant belfry disturbs the peaceful dreams of the sleepers with its clanging herald of midnight. In a small attic chamber stands a woman bending over the sleeping form of a child, with an uplifted dagger. She pauses a moment, then plunges it into his heart, and for this I have followed you here. (*Looks at book.*) Now you are in my power (*crosses to L.*), and you shall not escape. Ha, ha, ha! You shall die as did the child. (*Seizes RUTH by the arm, with one hand uplifted as if to strike; RUTH strikes him in the face.*)

RUTH (*aside*). Now then, to beat him at his own game. (*Strikes attitude.*) Unhand me, sir! I am no fool. You accuse

me of being the perpetrator of one of the most terrible crimes that a person can be guilty of, and I do not deny it; but, as I sent him to his last home, so I will send you to yours. Look! Do you see this dagger? (*Shows duster.*) 'Tis the same with which I killed the other. (*She rushes at SI, who backs to R.*) You shall have just three minutes to live. (*Pauses.*) Thus, then, do I rid the earth of this monster. (*Stabs him with duster; he staggers back, and sits into the pan of dough; pause.*) Ha, ha, ha! Why lies that old man there? (*Points to SI.*)

SI. I dough know. (*Enter MRS. M., ROSE, and NELLIE.*)

MRS. M. What's all this noise about? (*Sees SI.*) For the land's sake, what are you sitting in that dough for?

SI. O Lord! Has my ambition brought me to this? (*Rises.*)

MRS. M. You lazy, good-for-nothing scamp, you, get out of this house! (*Grabs broom and chases him round room; the second time around she drops broom and grabs dough; as he exits C. D. she throws it at him; he dodges, and it strikes JAMES HAMMOND, who enters.*) Heavens and earth, if it ain't Mr. Hammond! Sir, I'm sorry I dirtied your coat.

JAMES. Oh! it's of no consequence. (*Rushes to ROSE.*) Ah, Rose, I have just this moment heard of your arrival, and hastened to welcome you home.

ROSE (*with reserve; takes his hand*). Ah, James, I am happy to know you think so well of me. How's Guardy?

JAMES. Quite well; but very impatient to see you. How did you happen to miss the carriage?

ROSE. I didn't; the carriage missed me. Ha, ha, ha! I came home with Mr. Morris. (*Gun heard; NELLIE, who has been watching off C., waves handkerchief.*)

NELLIE. There's Tom! there's Tom! Look, there's his vessel now! Grammy, where's my hat? I must go and meet him. (*NELLIE gets hat, and rushes off C. L.*)

MRS. M. That child would break her neck to see Tom. (*Looking off C.*) There she is just rounding the point. Ain't she a fairy? Ain't she a picture for a painter? That's Tom's new yacht. Startled Fawn he calls her, and I guess she's rightly named, for there ain't another boat in these parts that'll keep up with her.

ROSE. Oh, isn't she lovely! Just look at her, James!

JAMES (*turning away*). She looks well enough, but I never cared much for the water, and of course I have no interest in such matters.

ROSE. Oh, I love the water, and shall take a sail in that boat the first chance I get.

JAMES (*aside*). I must get her away from here before he comes. Well, Rose, don't you think father will wonder what has become of you? He will think something has happened.

ROSE. True, I had forgotten all about Guardy. I will go home at once.

JAMES. And with your permission I will accompany you.

ROSE. Oh, certainly. Good-by, aunty — good-by, Ruth. I will be — (TOM *sings off* L.; *they listen a moment*.) That's Tom coming. I will wait and see him before I go. (*Looks off* L.; MRS. M. and RUTH, R.; ROSE and JAMES, L.)

RUTH. She is more anxious to see him than I ever was to see Si.

JAMES (*going to* ROSE). Rose, this is but a needless delay, and will add greatly to father's impatience. You can see Mr. Manly to-morrow.

ROSE. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. (TOM *appears at* C. D. *with* NELLIE *in his arms*; *he puts her down, and rushes to* MRS. M.)

TOM. Ah, mother, home again, and how good it seems to see you once more! (*Runs to* RUTH *and embraces her*.) Ah, Ruth, little sister, how nicely you look! (*Kisses her*.) Do you know, if I was — by the way, where is Si? (RUTH *makes all manner of motions to make him see* ROSE, *which he does not understand for some time*. *When he turns and sees her, he rushes to her, and takes her hands in his*.) Why, bless my heart, if it isn't my little sweetheart of long ago! Ah, Rose, this is an unexpected meeting, and an agreeable surprise. But, how are you, anyway?

ROSE. Why, just the same as ever, Tom, only a little older.

TOM. Rose, I don't believe you have changed. I can see the love of fun in those eyes yet. (*Sees* JAMES.) Why, hulloa, James, I didn't see you before; how's your health?

JAMES. Quite good, thanks. (*Aside*.) The very air seems scented with fish. How can Rose be so familiar with these people?

TOM. O Rose, I am so glad you are back again, and happier still to think you have not forgotten us.

ROSE. Pleasure is the flower that fades, Tom, remembrance is the lasting perfume. But I must not keep Guardy waiting any longer; I must go home at once. Good-by, all. Good-by, Tom. Remember, I expect a sail in that yacht to-morrow. (*Exit*, C. L.)

TOM. And you shall have it.

JAMES (*aside*). She loves him, I can see by her looks, and he loves her; but so do I, and she shall be mine. (*Exit*, C. L.)

MRS. M. Tom, that fellow is a deep one, and I don't think he's as honest as he might be.

RUTH. Why, mother, he's real nice, I think. He gave me a splendid ride the other day.

MRS. M. He did, did he? Don't you ever dare to ride with him again. You had better go and get some dinner for Tom.

TOM. Yes, do; I'm as hungry as a bear. (RUTH *exit*.) Mother, how would you like to have Rose for a daughter?

MRS. M. She's a noble girl; but, Tom, my boy, she is not suited to a place like this.

TOM. But she is so lovely, mother.

MRS. M. I don't think she has any idea of being a fisherman's wife.

TOM. Why, mother, my chance is as good as any one else's.

MRS. M. Squire Hammond told me this morning he wanted her to marry his son.

TOM. But does she love him, mother? I—I—can hardly believe it.

MRS. M. Ah, Tom, my boy, he has got money, and that goes a great way. That makes me think: Squire Hammond wants to see you as soon as you have time. But there, I must go and help Ruth about dinner. (*Exit into house; NELLIE enters.*)

TOM (*sits in chair R., draws NELLIE up to him*). Well, little one, are you glad to see me?

NELLIE. Well, I guess I be. You've been gone such a long time, and I've been so lonesome!

TOM. Have you, darling? Well, I'm back now, and we'll make up for lost time. What shall we do?

NELLIE. I've got something nice for you, Tom. Open your mouth and shut your eyes. (*TOM does so; she puts piece of candy into his mouth.*) There, ain't that nice? I kept that two whole weeks for you.

TOM. You have? (*Kissing her.*) That's almost as sweet as you are.

SI (*enters, C. L.*). Hullo, Tom! By thunder, I'm glad to see you! How did you make out?

TOM. Oh, we had a pretty good trip. The boys enjoyed themselves first-rate. Jones is going away for a while, and I am going to keep the light while he is gone. I can earn a dollar that way as well as any.

SI. That's so. By the way, Tom, I borrowed a dollar of you when you went away, and promised to pay you in a month. Well, the month is up, and I haven't got the money.

TOM. That's all right, Si; pay me when you can. Perhaps you are better off without money. They say 'tis the root of all evil.

SI. Well, give me plenty of the root, that's all; but, Tom, I've a proposition to make you: I've got two lottery tickets here. (*Takes them out of his pockets.*) Now, if you'll call the bill square, I'll give you one of them. (*Strikes attitude.*) You may draw fifteen thousand dollars.

TOM. Yes, and I may draw my breath. O Si, you shouldn't spend your money so foolishly. I wouldn't give you one dollar for a cartload of them.

NELLIE. Tom, what are they?

TOM. They are lottery tickets. (*Takes one from SI, and shows it to her.*)

NELLIE. Oh, ain't it handsome? It's real money, ain't it, Tom?

TOM. My dear, it's unreal money, as many a poor soul can testify.

NELLIE. Tom, can I have this to play with?

TOM. Do you want it, dear? (*She nods.*) Then you shall have

it; and if you can get any enjoyment out of it, I am satisfied. Si, I will take the ticket for her sake, and you can consider the bill settled.

SI. All right, Tom; and I wish you luck. I forgot to tell you that the drawing came off this morning, and as soon as the evening papers come we shall know whether we have drawn anything or not; but I must be going. (*Aside.*) This is rather dangerous ground for me. (*Exit, C. D. L.; runs against UNCLE DAVIE, who comes on with a bag of meal; strikes attitude.*) "Proceed, Salmus, to procure my fall, and by the doom of death end woes and all." — Shakespeare. (*Exit, C. L.*)

UNCLE D. Darn it, young fellow! it's something you've got to get used to. (*Puts bag down side of grain-chest.*) That young dude is around here all the time after Miss Ruth, and — why — hulloa, Tom. (*Grabs TOM's hand in both of his.*) Darned if I ain't glad to see you, boy! Hulloa, Nellie, what you got there? (*Looks at ticket.*) A lottery ticket? Where did you get it?

NELLIE. From Mr. Kidder.

UNCLE D. From Mr. Kidder. Now, can you tell me the number on it? It's a pretty big number for a little girl. S'pos' you can tell it?

NELLIE. Yes, Uncle Davie; it's eighty-six thousand three hundred and eighteen.

UNCLE D. Eighty-six thousand three hundred and eighteen: yes, that's right. Ain't she smart, Tom? Well, I guess. She'll make a good mate for some one one of these days, won't she, Tom? I s'pos' t'would be a hard one for you, but it's 'something you've got to get used to.

TOM. Yes, Davie, I s'pose I've got to lose her sometime; but it's a good ways off yet. Nellie, won't you run in and ask Grammy if dinner is ready?

NELLIE. Yes, Tom; I'll fly. (*Crosses stage, throws kiss at TOM; exit, R. 3 E.*)

TOM. Now, Davie, you told me when I went away that you would tell me something of your past life when I returned. While we are waiting for dinner suppose you give me your history, for I am impatient to hear it.

UNCLE D. Well, Tom, it's a long story, but I will give it to you if you will be patient. (*Sits.*) When I was a young man I was a little wild. I got to drinking, and sank very low in the eyes of all save one — my wife. (*With emotion.*) Ah, Tom, she was too good for me! One night, after a prolonged spree, she came and, kneeling before me, asked God to keep me from drink, and to forgive her for all the unkindness she had shown me. Ah, Tom! that went straight home, and God knows, I've been a better man since. Well, she coaxed me to go away somewhere, to get away from my old companions; and we went to California. I worked hard and prospered. We had been there a year when our child was born — a little girl. Ah! then it was I took comfort. Well, the business grew, and I

hired a clerk. In a few years I grew very rich. Then came the hard blow of all — my poor wife died. So I sold out, took all my money and my little girl, and started East on board the vessel "Queen." When we got out of sight of the land I found my clerk had followed me. I thought nothing of that; but that night I was leaning over the rail, looking into the water, when suddenly some one seized me and threw me with all his might into the ocean. As I grasped for the rail I saw the white face of my clerk, and he hissed between his teeth, "I've got your money." Well, I was picked up and carried back to land.

TOM. And didn't you look for your child?

UNCLE D. Yes. As soon as I got money enough I came East and searched everywhere for her, but I could not find her, or any trace of her. Heartbroken, I returned to California, and have been there ever since, until a little over a month ago. I wanted to come East again and try once more to find my daughter. The ship was wrecked, and I knew no one until I awoke here. Tom, you saved my life. God bless you, boy! God bless you!

TOM. How old would your daughter be now?

UNCLE D. Let's see: that was — that was fifteen years ago, and she was four then. She would be nineteen now.

TOM. But do you think you could tell her if you should see her?

UNCLE D. Yes, Tom, by this. (*Takes piece of picture from pocket.*) 'Tis half of the mother's picture. She had a little locket and chain around her neck with the other half of this picture in it. Tom, do you know anything of Miss Prescott's early life?

TOM. Only that she and her guardian came here twelve years ago. Why? Do you think she is your daughter, Davie?

UNCLE D. No; only her face seemed strangely familiar.

TOM (*rises*). Uncle Davie, suppose she was your daughter, and I wanted to marry her; what would you say?

UNCLE D. (*rises; looks at TOM a moment, then takes his hand*). I would say, "Take her, Tom, and God bless you both."

TOM. Uncle Davie, I believe you are my friend, and I will confide in you. I do love Rose, and but for our different stations in life, I would ask her to be my wife.

UNCLE D. Never mind the stations, Tom; ask her. If she loves ye she'll have ye, no matter if ye didn't have a rag on your back. And if she don't, why, all she can say is *no*. It may make you feel bad, but perhaps it's something you've got to get used to.

TOM. Uncle Davie, I'll do it. The next time I see her I'll know my fate.

NELLIE (*enters; runs to TOM*). Dinner's ready, Tom, and my plate is right side of yours. (*Takes his hands and pulls him side of door.*)

UNCLE D. Come, Tom, and get filled up. You will be braver on a full stomach. Ha, ha, ha! (*They exit into house, R. 3 E.; SI looks cautiously on back C., then comes down.*)

SI. Nobody here; the coast clear. Lord! I wonder where Ruth

is? It is quite evident my endeavors to win applause by tragic impersonations are not appreciated in this locality. Heavens, ain't the old lady a hummer? Now, she would make a good Lady Audley. Didn't she tear round, though? Ha, ha, ha! I wonder if she will ever be my mother-in-law? What a fate! "Ay, there's the rub," to dream of something after marriage, a broomstick or a flat-iron perhaps; and yet I love my little Ruth, and for her love I'd brave a thousand flat-irons. (RUTH, *who has entered, goes behind him unseen, and speaks very loud and quick.*)

RUTH. Leave this place at once! (SI *jumps and runs up C.*; *turns and sees RUTH who stands laughing.*) Why, Si, what is the matter?

SI. What is the matter? I thought — well — I — what is the matter with your mother?

RUTH. Oh, mother's all right; she never felt better in her life.

SI. I believe you. (*Rubbing arm.*) What did she say when I was gone?

RUTH. She said, "'twas absence made the heart grow fonder." Ha, ha, ha!

SI. She did? Does she know that I — that we — like each other pretty well? (*Takes her hands.*)

RUTH. Yes, Nellie told her; and she said I wasn't old enough yet; but — but — I am, ain't I, Si?

SI. Of course you are! But Shakespeare says — you know Shakespeare — he's a poet. Well, he says, — "For aught that ever I could read, could ever hear by tale or history, the course of true love never did run smooth."

RUTH. That's the reason there's so many friction matches in the world, ain't it?

SI. Yes, I suppose so. But as I look down the dim vista of the future, I can picture a snug little home with domestic comforts.

RUTH. You can? O Si, how nice!

SI. Yes, and who do you suppose I pictured in that little home?

RUTH. I'm sure I don't know.

UNCLE D. (*outside*). All right, Tom. I'll be back in a few minutes.

RUTH. O Si! somebody's coming. Hide somewhere.

SI (*running about stage*). Where — where shall I hide?

RUTH. Oh, anywhere. (*Looks about stage, sees grain-chest.*) Here, get into this, quick!

SI (*getting into box*). I believe you are getting me into a box.

RUTH (*shutting lid*). You just keep quiet, and as soon as you get a chance, skip.

UNCLE D. (*enters R. 3 E.*). Why, Ruth, what's the matter? You look as red as — as if Si had been sand-papering your cheeks with his whiskers.

RUTH. Well, he hasn't. It's — it's — the sun.

UNCLE D. Yes, Mrs. Kidder's son. Ruth, let me give you a piece of advice. (SI *sticks his head out of chest.*) Don't have

anything to do with that Si Kidder. They say he's a lazy, good-for-nothing scamp. (*Si shakes fist at UNCLE DAVIE and disappears.*)

RUTH. Well, what if he is? That's none of your business.

UNCLE D. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I guess you are about right, Ruth, and I'll have nothing more to say about it. But there, I must get about my work. (*Takes up bag.*)

RUTH (*aside*). Oh! What shall I do, Uncle Davie?

UNCLE D. (*drops bag*). What is it, Ruth?

RUTH. Well, I—(*aside*) oh! what shall I do or say? (*Aloud.*) Well, I—I—thought perhaps you—I might get you to go down to the store for me.

UNCLE D. Why of course you can, just as soon as I empty this bag. (*Picks up bag.*)

RUTH (*pulling his coat-tail*). Yes—but—but I want you to go now.

UNCLE D. Why, sartin, just as soon as I empty this bag. (*Empties bag into chest.*) There now, Ruth, I'll go to the store for you.

RUTH. Uncle Davie, I guess you needn't go, after all.

UNCLE D. Needn't go? Well, now, if that ain't just like a woman. First she says she will, and then she says she won't. (*TOM enters from house with lines, etc.; sits, L. C.*)

TOM. Uncle Davie, will you go down and see if the dory is all right? I didn't fasten her very securely, and she may drift off at high tide.

UNCLE D. That I will, Tom. (*Exit, C. L.*)

RUTH (*aside*). Oh, Tom will never go away. Poor Si will be smothered; but I must leave him to his fate. (*Exit R. 3 E.*)

TOM. And so Rose is at home again, and how she has grown! she went away a child and came back a woman—no, an angel. Ah, what would I give to call her mine. But no, I fear 'tis as mother says, she has lived in luxury all her life, and to exchange her beautiful home for a place like this—Oh, pshaw! I must not think of it; and yet I fancied I could see the glad light in her eyes when I clasped her hands. (*ROSE comes down back of TOM, and clasps her hands over his eyes.*)

ROSE. Guess who I am.

TOM (*taking her hands in his*). There is but one woman in the world with hands like yours, Rose.

ROSE. You know how to flatter just as well as ever, Tom; but don't you think you have held my hands long enough?

TOM. No, Rose; I could hold them forever. I—I—mean—er—have you come for that sail, Rose?

ROSE. Oh, no. I left my satchel and came back for it. What are you doing, Tom?

TOM. Oh, fixing up the lines a little, that's all.

ROSE. Oh, can I help?

TOM. Help? Why, of course you can, if you want to; but I don't know how you can help any, unless it's to look on.

ROSE. Well, I'm an expert at that. (*Sits.*) Let me sit here while you work, and we will talk over old times.

TOM. Those were happy days, wan't they, Rose? Don't you remember the summer days when we used to play keeping house down on the beach, where the waters break?

ROSE. Yes; and do you remember the day I slipped off the ledge into the water? Had it not been for your bravery I should have been drowned.

TOM. I shall never forget it. When I pulled you from the water and held you in these arms, I thought you were dead; and when you looked up and smiled — O Rose, that was the happiest moment of my life.

ROSE. Was it, Tom? One day at school I told my room-mate about it, and she declared you quite a hero.

TOM. Then you — you did not quite forget me while you were away?

ROSE. Forget you — why, there is not a fellow in the world that it would be as hard for me to forget as you, Tom.

TOM. Those words give me new life, new hope, Rose. I have known you since you were a little girl; I have watched you grow to womanhood. In those happy days of long ago, Rose, I loved you with a childish love, and the years that have passed since then have only served to strengthen that love. Rose, I am only a poor fisherman, with no position to offer you, but I love you dearly and truly. Rose, will you be my wife?

ROSE (*rises*). I — I — O Tom! why did you ask me?

TOM (*aside*). She does love him. I understand, Rose, I understand it all. You love James Hammond. (*Turns away.*) And I — I — know you will make him a good wife.

ROSE. I don't love him. His wife, indeed! No, Tom, I — I do love you as dearly and truly as I believe you love me, and I will be your — your wife.

TOM (*clasping her in his arms*). God bless you for those words, Rose! (UNCLE DAVIE *enters*, C. D.) I believe I am the happiest man in all the world.

ROSE. And I the happiest woman, Tom.

UNCLE D. (*aside*). I hate to interrupt them. I know they'll be disappointed, for I've been right there myself. Ahem! (ROSE and TOM *start away from each other.*) Oh, don't stir on my account. Ha, ha, ha! Don't blush so, Miss Rose, even if I did see his arm around you. 'Tain't nothing; it's something you've got to get used to. Ha, ha, ha! (ROSE, R., TOM, L., UNCLE DAVIE, C.) Here, Tom, give me your hand. (*Takes hand.*) Rose, your hand, please. (*Takes her hand and joins them; then places his hand on their heads.*) There, bless you my children, bless you! and may the Devil take the first man that goes between you. (*They unclasp hands, and UNCLE DAVIE goes between them and crosses to R.; both laugh.*)

TOM. Uncle Davie, I'm afraid you are elected for the hotter regions. You were the first man, you know.

UNCLE D. (*surprised; laughing*). Why, so I was. Well, I suppose it's something we've got to get used to. Say, Tom, you know the old tree down by the beach. (TOM *nods*.) Well, I've built a seat down there, just big enough for two. Now, I want you two to go down there and see how it fits you. Ha, ha, ha!

TOM. But, Uncle Davie, I — Rose.

UNCLE D. Oh, she's willin'. I can tell by the looks of her eyes.

ROSE (*as they go off*). Indeed! My eyes must be very expressive. (*Exeunt R., U. E.*)

UNCLE D. Yes, they are; and the expression is love. Oh, how those two bring back the days of my youth! (*Sits, c.*) It seems as though those happy faces had turned back the years of my life, until I stand once more in the twilight before a little cottage and my sweetheart is saying, "Davie, I am the happiest woman in the world." O God! Turn back Thy universe and give me once again that one sweet hour! (*Bows head on hands and weeps; enter JAMES HAMMOND, C. D., and taps him on shoulder.*)

JAMES. My good man, can you tell me if Miss Prescott is here?

UNCLE D. (*springing up fiercely*). That voice again! (*Looks at JAMES; calms himself.*) Yes, I s'pose I can. She is here, and if you will wait I will send her to you. (*Goes up c.; turns and looks at JAMES.*) 'Tis his voice, but too young — too young. (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

JAMES. Rose here, and no doubt with that fisherman. I must press my suit at once, for were they allowed to be together much, I believe he would try to win her love. (*Enter SQUIRE HAMMOND hurriedly.*)

SQUIRE. Have you seen her yet, James?

JAMES. No; but she is here, and I believe at this moment is with Tom Manly. I told you she cared more for him than you thought. (*Looking off R.*) Ah, here she comes! Leave me alone with her — go. (*SQUIRE exit, L.; ROSE enters, c.*)

ROSE. Uncle Davie told me you wished to see me.

JAMES. Yes, Rose. Forgive me for following you. If you only knew how dear your presence was to me.

ROSE. My presence — dear to you? Why, what do you mean?

JAMES. Simply this, Rose. I love you. I have wealth and influence, and you shall have everything the heart can wish. (*Pause.*) You surely have given me cause to hope, Rose. Will you be my wife?

ROSE. I am sorry you have been so mistaken. I regret it all very sincerely, Mr. Hammond. But, believe me, I never intentionally allowed you to suppose yourself more than a valued friend.

JAMES (*with force*). You would have cared for me if this Tom Manly had not come between us.

ROSE. I never could have cared for you as you would like.

JAMES. I supposed you thought of our ultimate engagement as

a matter of course. Our marriage is the dearest wish of my father, your guardian. (*SQUIRE enters unseen.*)

ROSE. But it can never be. I do love Tom Manly, and I am proud in that love.

SQUIRE (*comes down fiercely*). Then take him if you will, but never darken my doors again. I am done with you forever.

ROSE (*drawing herself up*). Squire Hammond, you have always been kind to me, and for that I thank you. (*TOM and MRS. MANLY enter from R. 3 E.*) But I would rather live in a hovel as Tom Manly's wife, than marry your son and live in a palace.

TOM (*taking her hand*). You shall never have cause to regret those words. Rose, you are now without a home. I have strong arms and an honest heart, and I'll protect you.

SQUIRE. Honest poverty is at a discount these days. Protect her indeed! A nice protector you'll make—you haven't got a dollar in the world. I hold a mortgage on this property. It becomes due to-morrow. I shall foreclose, and you shall be turned into the street.

TOM. Until then, this place is mine. Squire Hammond, leave my house! (*Points off C. ; UNCLE DAVIE runs on C. with paper ; he hugs first one then another.*)

UNCLE D. Hooray! Hooray! Look, Tom, look. (*Gives TOM paper.*)

SQUIRE (*starting back aghast ; aside*). My God! Davie Morris!

MRS. M. For the land's sake, what's the matter with the man?

TOM (*reads*). "Regular monthly drawing of the Louisiana State lottery. Ticket eighty-six thousand three hundred and eighteen draws three hundred thousand dollars.

UNCLE D. That's it—that's it! Hooray! Tom, you're a rich man.

JAMES. Mr. Manly, what does he mean? Have you got that ticket?

TOM. No; sir; I have not.

NELLIE (*enters, C. D. with RUTH ; NELLIE runs down to TOM, waving ticket*). No; but I have.

JAMES. Where did you get that ticket? Did you know the sale of those tickets was a crime?

SI (*rising from chest all covered with meal*). There stands the criminal. I bought that ticket of him. (*Points to JAMES.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *Interior of lighthouse. R. and L., chairs ; doors R. and L. RUTH discovered arranging a skein of yarn.*

RUTH. Well, if this ain't a pretty scrape. For some reason or other Tom didn't get his money till it was too late to save the old place, and that old Shylock took it away from us. And here we've been nearly a week, cooped up like so many hens on the roost, with nothing but water all around us, and the clear sky above. Our front yard is about two feet square. Oh, I wish I were a man! If I — (*Long whistle heard.*) What's that? (*Goes to door and looks out.*) Why, it's Si. (*Speaks off.*) Just row round this way. (*Pause ; then Si enters.*)

SI. Hullo, Ruth! (*Looks around room, then kisses her.*)

RUTH. Why, Si, how can you act so? I've a good mind never to speak to you again as long as I live.

SI. Why, Ruth, you know I haven't seen you before for a whole week ; but if you're mad, why, I'll take it back. (*Attempts to kiss her ; she pushes him away.*)

RUTH. Si Kidder, don't be a fool.

SI. Shakespeare says, "'Tis impossible to love and be wise."

RUTH. I don't care what Shakespeare says. If you came to see me, you've got to have a little wit, that's all. Now you've come just in time to hold my yarn.

SI (*looks around*). Where's your mother?

RUTH. She's out in the other room getting supper, and Tom has gone over to the village, so you needn't be afraid ; but, perhaps you're too tired.

SI. Oh, dear, no — not at all. I rather like it. (*Sits and holds yarn.*)

RUTH. That's funny. My brother Tom used to get so cross ; he never held it half as nice as you do.

SI. Well, brothers don't understand this thing. I never hold it for my sister.

RUTH. You don't, why?

SI. She don't wind as nice as you do.

RUTH. O Si! (*Drops ball ; both stoop for it ; their heads come in contact ; she draws back timidly.*) Oh, excuse me.

SI (*gives her the ball*). Beg pardon — all my fault. Did I hurt you?

RUTH. Oh, no. How stupid of me to drop that ball!

SI. I was too far off. Ought to sit nearer, don't you think so?

RUTH (*timidly*). I don't know.

SI (*draws chair nearer*). Hadn't I better sit here?

RUTH. Maybe so.

SI (*sits nearer*). I think that's better, don't you?

RUTH. Yes ; it don't wind so tight now.

SI. I wish you wouldn't wind so fast.

RUTH. Why?

SI. You'll get done too soon.

RUTH (*quickly*). Oh, I've got lots more.

SI (*sits nearer*). That's bully. I could sit here all day and do this.

RUTH. You could?

SI. Yes. (*Gets nearer.*) You wind better when I'm closer to you, don't you?

RUTH. Ye-s.

SI. Now, isn't it funny? Do you know what I was thinking?

RUTH. No!

SI. I was thinking how mad your mother would be if she could see us now.

RUTH. Oh, mother's getting old. You mustn't mind her.

SI. No ; I won't. (*Gets nearer.*) She don't like me, does she?

RUTH. She don't know you very well.

SI. Well, you — you know me very well.

RUTH. Yes.

SI. Well, you like me a little, don't you?

RUTH. Well, I — that is — you have been very kind to me, and I — I always like kind people.

SI. But I don't mean that kind of like. I mean another word like like, same number of letters but spelt another way.

RUTH. I don't know what you mean.

SI. I mean a word like l-o-v-e. What's that spell?

RUTH. It spells love.

SI. That's it ; that's the way I want you to like me. Will you?

RUTH. Oh, my ! Mother would be so angry.

SI. Your mother's getting old ; don't mind her.

RUTH. Ain't you ashamed to say that?

SI. I — I mean she's older than *we* are.

RUTH. Of course she is. O Si, you're tangling that all up.

SI. And you're tangling me all up. Come, now, say you love me a little, won't you? (*Tries to hug her, but can't for the skein.*)

RUTH. Oh, my ! Some one's coming. (*Enter UNCLE DAVIE, C.*)

UNCLE D. What an innocent-looking couple. (*Laughing.*) Don't you think you could wind better if you should sit nearer together. Ha, ha, ha !

RUTH. Now, Uncle Davie, who's winding this yarn?

SI. Yes, who's winding this yarn?

UNCLE D. When I came in 'twas pretty hard to tell who was winding it. Ha, ha, ha ! But I see I'm in the way, so I'll take the paper and read, till — till you get that yarn all wound up. (*Exit, L., laughing.*)

SI (*coming close to RUTH and taking both her hands*). Now,

Ruth, we are alone once more tell me if you love me. (UNCLE DAVIE comes in, they start away from each other.)

UNCLE D. Has either one of you seen anything of my — (*hunting*) my — I've hunted all over the house, and I can't find them. (RUTH and SI look round room.)

RUTH (*after looking*). Why, Uncle Davie, what have you lost?

UNCLE D. Why, my specs. (*He has them on his forehead.*)

SI. They are on your forehead.

UNCLE D. (*taking them down*). Why, so they be. Can't find a darned thing in the house. (*Exit, laughing.*)

SI (*watches him off; same bus. as before*). Ruth, at last we have an opportunity to — (*Enter UNCLE DAVIE.*)

UNCLE D. (*returning laughing*). I forgot to thank you, Si, but as I went by the window, I see Tom's boat coming, so I came back to let him in.

SI (*aside*). The darned blunderhead! Always round when he 'ain't wanted. That's right, Davie. (*Goes to door R. and opens it.*) Yes; he's coming, and Miss Prescott with him.

RUTH. Oh, I'm so glad somebody's coming — 'tis so lonely here. Uncle Davie, how long have we got to stay here in this place?

UNCLE D. Why, till Jones gets back; about a week, I guess. Queer how things have turned out, ain't it? Now there's Squire Hammond — as soon as he finds out Tom is liable to get a little money, he takes Miss Rose right back into his home, and seems willing enough Tom should marry her.

RUTH. Yes; but why did he take our home away from us?

UNCLE D. Well, he's a mean old cuss, anyway. Tom didn't get the money in time to pay off the mortgage, and he wouldn't stay one minute on the place after it rightfully belonged to Squire Hammond.

TOM (*outside*). Halloo! Halloo!

SI. Here you go, Tom. (*Enter TOM and ROSE, R.; NELLIE runs on L., and throws arm around TOM's neck, who stoops to meet her. ROSE goes to RUTH and keeps up dumb show.*)

TOM. Well, Nellie, have you kept house real nice since I've been away?

NELLIE. Yes, Tom, I have. What did you bring me?

TOM. What did I bring you? Oh! something nice. (*Takes doll from inside coat.*) There! what do you think of that?

NELLIE. Oh! ain't she pretty? (*Hugging her.*) I'll always keep her, Tom; so when I grow up to be a big woman, I'll have her to remember you by, won't I, Tom?

TOM. Yes, darling; but I hope you will always remember me without. (*He releases her; she runs off, L.*) Ah, Si, didn't see you before. How are you?

SI. Oh, all right. (*Aside.*) Or should have been, if it hadn't been for Davie.

TOM. Uncle Davie, are the lamps all right for the night?

UNCLE D. No; I was just going up when you came. I'll go right up and see to them. (*Goes, L.*)

TOM. That's right, Davie. I think we are going to have a storm to-night.

ROSE. Uncle Davie, may I go too? I do so want to see the light.

UNCLE D. Why, of course you can, and glad to have your company.

ROSE. Come, Ruth, will you go with us?

RUTH. To be sure I will. Come, Si. (*All exeunt but TOM; MRS. MANLY enters, L. I E.*)

TOM. Well, mother, I have at last got the money.

MRS. M. Yes, Tom; but it came too late to save the old home. (*With emotion.*) I don't believe we shall ever be as happy again as we were there. Tom, we are wanderers now, we haven't got a place in the whole world we can call home. When I think of all the happy days we've spent in the dear old place—O Tom, it's too much, too much. (*Lays head on TOM's shoulder and weeps.*)

TOM (*puts arm round her*; JAMES HAMMOND *enters at back, and stands listening*). There, mother, don't cry, — don't cry, mother. It won't bring back the old home, and when I see tears in your eyes, why, my heart comes up in my throat. (*Brushes away a tear.*) I—I—(*Sees satchel.*) Why, mother, we may not have to lose it after all. (*Opens satchel.*) See here, mother—fifteen thousand dollars! 'Tis a big sum for a poor fisherman to have in the house at one time, ain't it?

MRS. M. Yes; I shall be scared to death all the while it's here.

TOM. Which won't be long. We'll put it in Nellie's room to-night, and in the morning I'll carry it to the bank. We can buy the old place back again. I shall see Squire Hammond about it to-night. (*JAMES shakes fist and exit.*)

MRS. M. Oh, I hope you can, Tom; but I shan't sleep a wink to-night. (*Enter ROSE.*)

ROSE. Well, Tom, I have completed my tour of inspection. The lights are wonderful, but I must say that the view from the windows is anything but cheerful. Away on the right as far as the eye can see is nothing but a watery waste, while on the left great high ledges rise from the water. O Tom, I don't see how you can be happy here.

TOM. And why not, Rose? Here the music of the beating sea rises incessantly, now soft and sad, now powerful and grand; and you know I always loved the sea.

MRS. M. For the land's sake, them fish is all burning up! (*Exit hurriedly, L.*)

ROSE. Why, Tom, you don't mean to say you are happy here? After—after you have lost your old home?

TOM (*takes her hands*). Yes, Rose, I—I have lost my home;

but I have found the love of a true woman — your love, Rose. That's what makes me happy. But when I think of the beautiful home you are leaving for my sake, I feel as though I wasn't doing right.

ROSE. O Tom, the house don't make the home, 'tis the love that's in it. We've got the love, Tom, and now that Guardy has given his consent, we have reason to hope for the home.

TOM. Yes, Rose ; and I am going to Squire Hammond to-night, and try to buy the old place back again.

ROSE. You are? Oh, I know he'll sell it to you, and we'll be so happy, won't we, Tom? Won't we, Aunt Ruth? (*Turns to speak to her.*) Why she's gone. (*Distant thunder.*) What's that? A storm coming? O Tom, I must go now before it reaches us. (*Lights gradually down.*)

TOM. You are right, Rose ; besides I want to get back as soon as I can, as mother don't like to be left alone with the money. (*Calls off L.*) Nellie! (*She runs on from L.*)

NELLIE. What do you want, Tom?

TOM. I am going over to town with Miss Prescott, and I wanted to kiss you good-night before I went, for you will be in bed before I get back. (*Thunder.*)

NELLIE. Oh, don't go, Tom!

TOM. Why you ain't afraid of the thunder, are you?

NELLIE. Not when you are here. Don't go, Tom.

TOM. But I must, darling, and if you are afraid while I am gone, say the little prayer I taught you. Then you will be all right, won't you? (*She shakes her head slowly.*) O Rose, do you wonder that I love the sea when it gives me such treasures as this? It's just three years ago to-night that I found her, and if she was my own child, I couldn't love her any more than I do now. (*Kisses her ; rises.*) I must tell Uncle Davie about the lights and then we will go. (*Exit L.*)

ROSE (*puts arm round NELLIE and kisses her*). So three years ago to-night Tom found you ; can you remember it?

NELLIE. No, Tom said I was asleep when he found me, and all covered with sea-weed ; and, isn't it funny, he said he thought I was a little fish?

ROSE (*laughing*). Did you believe him?

NELLIE. Yes ; for Tom says 'tis naughty to tell wrong stories, and Tom ain't naughty. Oh ! I love him so, don't you?

ROSE. Yes, yes! Three years ago to-night! Why, this is your birthday ; has Tom given you any present?

NELLIE. Yes, he gave me a great big doll.

ROSE. Well, then, I'll give you something. (*Takes locket from neck and puts it on NELLIE.*) There, isn't that pretty? Always keep that to remember me by. (*Enter TOM ; thunder and lightning.*)

TOM. Come, Rose, there's no time to be lost, the storm will be here before we know it. (*Takes NELLIE in his arms and kisses*

her.) Good-by, darling, I'll be back soon. (ROSE and TOM *exeunt*; NELLIE *throws kisses after them*; UNCLE DAVIE *comes on L., and speaks off right.*)

UNCLE D. Say, Tom, look out for her, and don't let her get wet. Ha, ha, ha! (*Thunder and lightning*; UNCLE DAVIE *comes down*; MRS. MANLY *comes on L.*) I tell you it's going to be a wild night. I guess I'll go up and stay by the light. (*Exit, L.*)

NELLIE (*running to MRS. MANLY*). O Grammy, just see what Miss Rose gave me! Ain't it pretty?

MRS. M. (*looking at locket*). Yes, it is, child, and no mistake. But come, Nellie, we must get ready for bed. (*Thunder.*) Oh! I do hope Tom will get back before the storm gets here. Come, Nellie. (*They exeunt, L.; enter SQUIRE, R.; looks round cautiously.*)

SQUIRE. Can it be possible that David Morris still lives? I am sure that was he that I saw at Manly's. What if it should be, and he recognized me? A life in State's Prison. No, no, it can't be he; for I saw the dark waters close around him as he fell into their embrace. (*Becomes agitated.*) I saw his white, upturned face as he sank beneath the waves. That was years ago, years ago; but those eyes, those eyes, — I see them yet. Those eyes! My God, they pierce my very soul! Fool! The money — mine, mine! (*Trembles; enter JAMES; as he comes down.*) Back, back, or I'll kill you! (*Sees JAMES.*) Why, how you startled me. You see we've had our trip for nothing; Manly has gone. But why are you so anxious for me to see him? He can't have any very pleasant feelings toward me after what has happened. (*Thunder.*)

JAMES. Yes; you came very near spoiling everything with that temper of yours. I tell you, we must use a little strategy. Rose is not the one to be forced into a marriage with one she does not like. As for Manly, he loves her, but so do I, and I will win her yet, if not by fair means, then, I swear, by foul.

SQUIRE. Oh, ho! then you do love her, do you?

JAMES. Love her? I never realized that I did love her till I knew she cared for Manly; but let him beware, he has come between me and the woman I love, and now, I swear, I'll have my revenge.

SQUIRE. That's the right kind of spirit, boy — the right kind of spirit; but what do you propose to do? (*Thunder and lightning.*)

JAMES. You know after that scene at his home, I went to him and told him you were very sorry you had been so hasty, and as long as he had been lucky enough to get a little money, you were willing he should marry Rose.

SQUIRE. And did he believe it?

JAMES. Believe it? Why, he's so blindly in love, he would believe anything. Well, he didn't get the money in time to save his house, and you know why.

SQUIRE (*starting*). Don't speak so loud; somebody may overhear you.

JAMES. To-day he got the money, and he is on his way now to see you about buying the place back again.

SQUIRE (*thunder and lightning*). How do you know this?

JAMES. When I came in here a few moments ago, I heard a conversation between him and his mother, so you must agree to sell it.

SQUIRE. But I don't want to sell it. I wouldn't sell it for twice the money I paid for it.

JAMES (*coming close to SQUIRE*). Fool! Do you want to turn Rose against you again? When he offers, you accept, no matter what the price may be. He may make you an offer for the place, but he will never buy it.

SQUIRE. Why, what do you mean?

JAMES (*looks round cautiously*). Every cent of his money is in that room, I saw him put it there. (*Significantly.*) That money may disappear — somebody may take it; and how can he buy the place if he hasn't got the money?

SQUIRE. Do you mean to say that you would steal it?

JAMES. Yes; if you choose to put it that way. All's fair in love.

SQUIRE. And what then?

JAMES. What then? Why, he will have no home in the place. I will get him a situation in Boston with a friend of mine. That will separate them. Once get them separated and Rose will be in my power. Do you understand now?

SQUIRE. Yes, yes; but it's a little risky. Suppose they should suspect us?

JAMES. They can prove nothing. Now, you see why we must be on friendly terms with Manly, don't you? (*Thunder and lightning.*) You take the boat and go home as fast as possible, so as to see Manly before he returns. I will stay here and get the money, then take the remaining boat and follow. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

SQUIRE. Yes, my part shall be done, never fear; but be sure you don't make any mistake — be sure you don't make a mistake. (*Exit, R.*)

JAMES (*lights down; thunder and lightning*). It's a devil of a night, but all the better for me. The darkness will aid me in my work. (*Goes into room and gets satchel.*) Now, Tom Manly, we shall see who will win. (*Opens satchel.*) Yes, here it is all safe. (*Stage dark; NELLIE enters, L. with doll; thunder and lightning.*)

NELLIE (*at back*). Tom, Tom!

JAMES (*puts satchel behind him*). What's that? Some one coming — curse the luck. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

NELLIE (*coming down; JAMES keeps his face turned*). Oh! I thought you was Tom. Ain't you afraid of the thunder, Mister?

JAMES (*disguising his voice; aside*). 'Tis the young one. (*Aloud.*) No, go to bed, quick, do you hear?

NELLIE. You ain't a bit like Tom. Oh, I wish he was here;

then I wouldn't be afraid. I shall tell him when he comes.
(*Exit, L.*)

JAMES (*fiercely*). Tell him when he comes. If she knows me, then all will be lost. Curse her! Were it not for her I should not have had this job. (*Thunder and lightning.*) She shall not tell him—she shall die first. One toss and she is in the waves and who will be the wiser. (*Pause.*) By heavens, I'll do it! This chloroform shall silence her. (*Takes bottle and handkerchief from pocket.*) Lucky I brought it with me, for my task will be easier. (*Exit, L.; he re-enters with NELLIE in his arms; pauses at C.*) 'Tis a fearful job, but I must do it. (*Goes to door R. Scene changes to exterior of lighthouse; after scene changes JAMES opens door and stands with NELLIE in his arms.*) Why do I hesitate? I must do it. (*Throws NELLIE into water at back; TOM comes on in boat from R.; thunder and lightning.*)

TOM (*looking into water*). What's that? My God, it's Nellie! (*Throws off coat and jumps into water at back C.; pauses, then he appears at front C.; comes up through waves with NELLIE in his arms; she clasps doll in her arms.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sitting-room in two. Table and Chairs, R. C. ROSE discovered reading letter.*

ROSE. There, I know he will be pleased to get that letter. Dear old Tom, how I should like to see him! 'Tis nearly a month since he went to Boston, and oh! what a lonely month it has been; but his letters are full of hope for the future, so I must be patient. (*Puts letter in envelope.*) There, I'll not seal it till I get a few violets to put into it. He used to love them so. I'll go and get them at once. (*Exit, R. I E.; enter JAMES, L. I E.*)

JAMES (*looking around*). Nobody here? I surely thought I should find Rose here. (*Sees letter.*) Eh, what's this? A letter, 'tis Rose's hand, and to that cursed fisherman. Will she never cease to think of him? Why, it's not sealed. (*Looks about stage; takes letter from envelope; reads.*) What rubbish! I wonder if I could imitate her writing. (*Sits and writes.*) Ah, that's good! Now to write him a letter. (*Writes.*) There, that's better. (*Rises; puts letter in envelope.*) Now, if she only—(*Stops; looks R.*) Some one's coming. (*Puts letter on table; enter ROSE R. with violets.*) Ah, good-morning, Rose; so I have found you at last.

ROSE. Guardy is not here.

JAMES. Thank you, Rose; but I did not come to see father, I came to see you, of whom I can never see enough.

ROSE. I don't understand you. (*Picks up letter and encloses violets.*)

JAMES. I hope to make you do so before long. (*Sits.*) Won't you come and sit down?

ROSE. I prefer to stand. What did you wish to see me for?

JAMES. Well, I am going to Boston to-day, and I thought you might like to send some word.

ROSE. You are very kind, but I have no word to send that I cannot send by mail.

JAMES (*rises*). Rose, why are you always so cold and distant? You don't seem to be very friendly.

ROSE. I am sorry, I do not wish to be unfriendly.

JAMES. If you could get Manly out of your head, you would think better of me.

ROSE. It is quite useless to talk to me like that.

JAMES. There is one thing that you overlook, though I am sorry to have to pain you by saying it. Young Manly is no better than he should be. I have made inquiries about him, and think that I ought to tell you that.

ROSE. If you think to find a passport to my affections or respect even, by base and wilful traducing of one who is not here to refute your vile slanders, you have undertaken a thankless and fruitless task. Such conduct merits but one reward — the contempt and scorn which is its due; I will not listen to you. (*Starts up c.;* JAMES catches her arm.)

JAMES. You must and shall listen to me. I am sorry to have to speak so roughly, but you have driven me to it.

ROSE. What do you mean?

JAMES. You know well what I mean. You always avoid me. If you knew what a hell there was in my heart and brain you would not treat me so.

ROSE. I do not understand you, unless, indeed, you are trying to frighten and insult me. (*Looks off R.*)

JAMES. There is no need for you to look for help. I wish neither to frighten nor insult you. O Rose! why can you not care for me when you know I love you?

ROSE. You — love — me still?

JAMES. Yes, I do. Why do you look at me like that? I cannot help it. I loved you when I first saw you after you came home. I have loved you more and more, and now I love you to madness. O Rose! you must marry me.

ROSE. I marry you!

JAMES. Oh, don't say you won't. Look, I beg you not to on my knees. (*Falls on knees.*)

ROSE. Such a thing would be quite impossible for many reasons, but I need only to repeat one that you already are aware of. I am engaged to Mr. Manly.

JAMES. Bah! That is nothing; I know that. But you will not throw away such a love as I have to offer for that of a poor fisherman. Write to him and tell him you have changed your mind. He is not rich, he can hardly get a living. Don't marry a young beggar like that.

ROSE. Are you not ashamed to talk to me like this? I tell you that my love is already given, which would have been a sufficient answer to any gentleman, and you reply by saying that you are richer than the man I love. Do you believe a woman thinks of nothing but money, or do you suppose I am to be bought like a beast in the market? I tell you once for all, that you will get nothing by kneeling to me. I would rather die than marry you. (*Exit, R. I E.*)

JAMES. You shall marry me yet, my fine lady, and if I do not repay your gentle words with interest, my name is not James Hammond. (*Exit, L. I E.*)

SCENE II. — *Plain room in three. Table and chairs, R. C. RUTH and MRS. MANLY discovered sitting at table. RUTH reading, MRS. MANLY knitting.*

RUTH. Oh, pshaw! I can't get interested in anything to-night, I believe I'll go to bed. The country was lonesome enough, but here we've lived in the city almost a month, and don't even know our next door neighbor yet.

MRS. M. Ruth, what would I give to see some one from home? Oh! it makes my heart ache to think I may never see the old place again.

RUTH. And yet, Tom has got a good situation, and his employers like him. It was very kind of Mr. Hammond to get him such a place.

MRS. M. Yes, I know, Ruth; but I can't help thinking he had something to do with our having to leave Harpswell.

RUTH. Why, mother, you don't mean to say that you think he was the one that stole the money, and tried to murder Nellie, do you?

MRS. M. Well, I don't s'pos' I'd ought to say so, but you know he and the Squire were about all the ones that knew we were to get the money, and then he wanted to marry Rose, so why shouldn't he want to get rid of Tom?

RUTH. Why, mother, you wrong Mr. Hammond. I don't believe he cares for Rose, now that he knows she is going to marry Tom, and as for Rose, if she is the true woman I think she is, she would marry Tom in spite of a thousand Hammonds.

MRS. M. (*rises*). I hope so, Ruth, for if she didn't it would break the poor lad's heart. Lord knows it's 'most broke now, a-worrying over that poor child. She's been sick ever since that awful night, and don't seem to get any better, poor little thing.

RUTH (*rises*). Never fear for her, mother, as long as Tom

watches her. Her slightest wish is a command for him. (*RUTH and MRS. MANLY exunt, L.; enter JAMES, R.*)

JAMES. Thus far everything has worked to a charm. Neither Manly nor Rose suspects. She posted a letter this morning which will decide my fate. 'Twas a bold step but—(*Enter TOM MANLY, R.*) Ah! here he is now. (*They shake hands.*) How do you do, Tom?

TOM. Why, hullo, James, you are quite a stranger. When did you come up?

JAMES. This morning; and as I had a little time to myself, I thought I would run over and see you.

TOM. Glad you did, James, glad you did. How are all the folks in Harpswell?

JAMES. Particularly Rose, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Well, she's enjoying the very best of health, and seems to be as happy as ever. How do you like your place, Tom?

TOM. First-rate; and believe me, James, I don't know how to thank you for getting it for me.

JAMES. Then don't try. If you like it, I am satisfied. (*Aside.*) Especially as it keeps him away from Rose.

TOM. Yes, James, I like my place, and shall try hard to make a little fortune for myself. And when I do, oh! then I shall indeed be happy, for I shall make Rose my wife. (*JAMES turns away.*) I know this subject is not an agreeable one to you, but did—did she send any word to me?

JAMES. No-o. I—I believe she said she had written. Why do you think it is not an agreeable subject to me, Tom? To be sure, I did try to win her, but as you carried off the honors, why I must take my defeat with as much grace as possible, and besides, I am not the one to brood over trifles.

TOM. The love of a pure woman is no trifle, James, 'tis one of the choicest gifts that Heaven can bestow. Hammond, when you once get deeply and truly in love, you will see the truth of my words. The only drawback to my happiness is my poverty.

JAMES. Ah, Manly, Rose has always lived in luxury, and I fear will soon tire of living in a cottage. Speaking of money, that reminds me, have you ever got any information as to who stole your money from the lighthouse?

TOM. No; and I'm afraid I never shall. If I had money I would get a detective, but as it is, I must leave it to the one Great Detective. (*Points up.*) And should he in his own good time clear up the mystery, and show me the perpetrator of the deed (*fiercely*), I'd kill him.

JAMES (*agitated*). Why, Tom, you—you would murder a man because he coveted your money, would you?

TOM. James Hammond, there are worse things in the world than the mere loss of riches. As long as I am strong and have my health, I care little for the loss of the money, for it didn't come by honest means any way, but when I see Nellie suffering on a sick

bed day after day, ever since that night, and know that the fiend that stole the money is the cause of all her misery, I have an insane desire to grasp him by the throat, and hurl him into the black waters as he threw her.

JAMES (*nervous*). Can she not remember the — the scoundrel's face, or give some description of him?

TOM. No; she was so terrified at the time that she can remember nothing.

JAMES (*aside*). Good, I can breathe freer now.

TOM. But, hark you, Hammond, I believe the time will come when I shall stand face to face with him, and when I do — God pity him, for I never will.

JAMES. Why, Manly, you are working yourself into a passion. Let's change the subject. Have — have you any word to send Rose?

TOM. To Rose? Yes, yes; tell her my love has grown stronger since I cannot see her; tell her my dreams are of her; tell her — O James, it must be hard for you to bear such messages as these, and I will not burden you with them, but you — you will speak a good word for me, won't you? (*He nods.*) And here — (*takes off ring and gives him*) here, take this ring and give her; 'twill be a message in itself. And now you must excuse me, won't you, as I must go after Nellie's medicine. (*Exit, R.*)

JAMES. Oh, certainly. (*Looks after TOM.*) Poor fool, how I hate him. Now, then, to consummate my plot and make good my prophecy. No other woman has stirred me as this simple school-girl has done, and she shall be mine, and never his. Once break her faith in him and the rest is easy. (*Looks at ring.*) This ring shall aid me. Ah, Tom Manly, you may boast of your gifts from Heaven, — bah! he makes me sick with his nonsensical ideas — but you haven't got them yet and what's more, you never will. (*Exit, R.; pause; then SI enters, R.*)

SI (*looking off R.*). Now I wonder what brings that fellow here? No good, I bet. (*Looks around.*) So this is where Tom lives, is it. I wonder if Ruth has missed me any since she has been here in the city, or has she got some other poor fellow on the string. The thought is madness. I wrote her a letter, and for fear it might go astray I brought it myself. I'll (*takes letter from pocket*) just lay it here on the table and wait for her. (*Looks off L.*) I sha'n't have to wait long for here she comes, so I guess I'll hide and hear what she says about it. (*Hides behind wing; enter RUTH, L.*)

RUTH. Oh dear, I wish Tom was here. I can't sleep till he comes, so I'll read. (*Sits at table; sees letter.*) What, a letter? And for me. It's from Si — I know the writing, the dear old fellow. (*SI comes down; she opens letter and reads.*) "My dear Ruth" — Oh, the old darling! (*Presses it to lips; bus. for SI.*) "We are having a singing-school here, and the other night I went home with Mattie Earle" — He did, did he. (*Reads.*) "And she called me in, and I stayed 'till eleven o'clock." Oh, the impudent

creature, how dare she? And as for Si, he may go with her if he wants too; he don't know anything, anyway. (*Bus. for SI; reads.*) "But all the while I was there my thoughts were of you, Ruth." Well, now, I don't know; Si ain't so bad after all, but he's a little bit too flighty. (*Reads.*) "And when I looked into her eyes — oh, Ruth! don't think I flatter, but your eyes are beautiful compared with hers." (*Presses letter to lips.*) Si always did like my eyes. He's just a darling, and if he were here, I'd hug him this minute. (*Bus. for SI; reads.*) "But I am so lonesome since you went away, I think I shall go with her all the time. I mean to get married and settle down; I would have loved you if you had loved me in return." (*Rising and crushing letter.*) If I had loved him in return! Didn't I love him? (*Crying.*) But — but the big fool didn't have brains enough to know it. (*Buries face in handkerchief; SI puts arm round her; she looks up.*) O Si! (*Throws arms round neck.*)

SI. O Ruth. (*Kisses her; enter UNCLE DAVIE, L.*)

UNCLE D. O Moses! By thunder, Si, how are ye? (*Shakes hands.*) You're quite a stranger round here; when did you come up?

SI. This morning.

UNCLE D. Quite a big town, ain't it?

SI. Well, now, 'tis. First time I was ever here; bet there's lots of fun here.

RUTH. Yes, Si, but I'd rather be back to old Harpswell again, where there's plenty of room to move round in.

UNCLE D. Yes, and where there's somebody to move around with, hey, Ruth? Sorry you're so lonesome, but it's something you've got to get used to.

SI. When I got through with my business (you know my weakness), I went to the theatre. You know Shakespeare says, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women want to ride on top," and I'm one of 'em. (*Strikes attitude.*)

UNCLE D. Where did you go?

SI. Went to the Globe.

RUTH. To the opera? Oh, my!

SI. Yes, to the opera. You know I never went to an opera before, and I tell you I was in my element when I was shot out of a cab into the midst of the blaze of lights in the theatre. There I was in the thick of the tonies crowding up-stairs — the ladies were most beautifully dressed, their shoulders were dazzling — lit up the whole house! I never saw so many real shoulders in my life before.

UNCLE D. Well, glad you're enjoying yourself. How long are you going to stay?

SI. I've got to leave to-night, as I promised I would.

RUTH. O Si! so soon? Why must you go to-night?

UNCLE D. Ha, ha, ha! There you go again. I tell you, it's something you've got to get used to; but there, I'll go and leave you alone while you are here. 'Twon't be my fault if you don't enjoy yourself. (*Exit. L. I E., laughing.*)

SI. Well, you see, business is business, and if I am not busy enough for business, why, business will not be busy enough to give me business, see?

RUTH. Yes; and now, Si Kidder, we are alone, I want to know what business you had sending me that letter?

SI. That letter? Why, that was just for fun, that's all!

RUTH. And — and you didn't go with Mattie Earle?

SI. Why, no, Ruth; but would you have felt so awfully bad if I had?

RUTH. Well, — I — I don't know! I might.

SI (*looks around*). Ruth, will you give me —

RUTH (*aside*). Oh, my! He's going to propose. Yes, Si, what?

SI. Something to eat; I'm awful hungry.

RUTH (*pouting*). Is that all you want?

SI. Well, that'll be all at present.

RUTH. Then you just wait, I'll get you something. (*Exit.*)

SI. Now, that's the kind of a girl to have. (*Strikes attitude.*)
"With eyes like open lotus flowers, bright in the morning rain,"
Shakespeare. (*Enter RUTH with pie.*)

RUTH. There, here you are, Si. I know you'll like it, I made it myself.

SI. Ruth, you are a darling. It will taste so much sweeter if your fair hands have moulded it. (*Takes bite, and speaks with mouth full.*) I always did like pie, especially your pie, Ruth.

RUTH. Did you, Si? I'm so glad.

SI. Yes; and I've been thinking if — if — I — that is — if — well — how nice it would be if I only had somebody to make pies for me all the time.

RUTH. Why don't you get Mattie Earle?

SI. Oh, pshaw! I don't want Mattie Earle; I want you, Ruth. (*Puts arm around her; has pie in other hand.*)

RUTH. O Si, do you really?

SI. Yes, Ruth, just say the word and we two will be one, as Shakespeare says. (*Strikes attitude.*)

RUTH. Now, look here, Si. Shakespeare ain't making love to me. If you've got anything to say, just say it yourself.

SI. Then, Ruth, I swear to you by this junk of pie, that I love you as I love my life. Will you give me the privilege of calling you my better half?

RUTH. O Si! I'm — I'm — s'pos' I will, but you'll have to ask mother. (*Enter MRS. MANLY and UNCLE DAVIE, L.*)

MRS. M. I've heard every word you've said. (*Holding out arms.*) Si, come right here to your mother.

SI. Then you — you — give your consent?

MRS. M. Well, I s'pos' she might do better; but I'm so glad to see anybody from home, I don't know but I'd give my consent if old Jeb Doughty had asked her.

UNCLE D. Well, it's something you've got to get used to.

MRS. M. Si, how's everybody down to Harpswell? We ain't heard a word from there since we left.

SI. Oh! all right. Hannah Richards got married to Deacon Goodby the other day.

MRS. M. What, that old maid?

UNCLE D. Lord, save the Deacon! Anything else for excitement down there, Si?

SI. Lish Meally's lost that brindle cow of his.

UNCLE D. Sho!

SI (*looking at watch*). Jumping Jemima! I've only got fifteen minutes to catch that train.

RUTH. O Si! I'm so sorry you must go.

SI. No more than I am to go; but I'll come again some day and stay longer, and say— (*Shakes hands.*) I'll send the ring as soon as I can. (*Starts for door; enter TOM.*)

TOM. Why, hullo, Si! (*They shake hands.*) I just see one of your townspeople.

SI. Yes; James Hammond. I saw him as I came in.

TOM. Si, do— do you see Rose very often?

SI. No; I guess she don't go out much. She goes to ride with young Hammond once in a while.

MRS. M. Well, I must say, I admire her taste.

SI (*looking at watch*). Jerusha! Only five minutes to catch that train. Good-by all. (*Puts arm round RUTH.*) "Eyes look your last, arms take your last embrace." Shakespeare. (*Exeunt RUTH, and SI, R. U. E.*)

TOM. Well, come, mother, I've got Nellie's medicine. We must give it to her, and then you had better go to bed. You must be tired. I will sit up with her to-night. (*Exit, L.; stage gradually dark.*)

MRS. M. Poor boy! He's worrying himself to death. (*Exit, L.*)

UNCLE D. (*yawning*). Well, I must go to bed myself. (*Enter, RUTH.*)

RUTH. Yes, it's time for all little boys to be abed, and, Uncle Davie, I bid you good-night and pleasant dreams. (*Exit, L.*)

UNCLE D. If my heart was as light as yours, I might have them, but no— no—

SCENE III.— *Chamber in four. Cot-bed, L., in which NELLIE lies asleep; table, C., with practical drawers; chairs, R. and L.; enter TOM L. I E.*)

TOM (*looking at cot*). Oh, I hope she will be better in the morning. She sleeps, so I will not give her the medicine. (*Enter MRS. MANLY, L., with revolver.*)

MRS. M. For the land's sake, Tom, I wish you wouldn't be so careless with that pistol. I found it on the floor of your room. (*Giving it to him.*)

TOM. It must have dropped from my clothes when I changed them. It's one Mr. Brown gave me when I watched in the store nights. (*Puts it in table drawer; enter RUTH with letter.*)

RUTH. Here's a letter Si brought Tom. I forgot to give it to him before. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. M. A letter. For the land's sake, who's it from?

TOM (*looks at letter*). 'Tis Rose's writing. (*Tears open letter; reads; then drops letter and staggers back.*)

MRS. M. Why, Tom, what is the matter?

TOM. Oh, don't ask me — read that letter. She has broken the engagement, and is going to marry James Hammond.

MRS. M. (*picking up letter*). Oh, the disgraceful, unworthy —

TOM. Don't, mother, don't. No matter what she has done, God help me, I love her still. (*Sinks into chair, buries face in hands.*)

MRS. M. I told you, Tom, that money was the most powerful.

TOM. Oh, don't speak to me — don't. Go, go, mother, and leave me to myself!

MRS. M. Don't take it so hard, Tom, she ain't worthy of your love. (*Exit L.*)

TOM. O Rose, Rose, would to God I had died, before I learned of your perfidy. (*Bows head; NELLIE calls.*)

NELLIE. Tom! (*Pause.*) Tom!

TOM (*springing up; goes to her*). Yes, dear, do you want your medicine now?

NELLIE. No, Tom; I feel so much better I don't want any more. (*TOM sits on cot, and takes her in his arms.*)

TOM. Oh, I'm so glad, darling.

NELLIE. Oh, I've had such a nice dream, Tom. I thought I was sailing on such a beautiful river, and you was with me, Tom, you and Rose, and the sun shone on the water until it sparkled like little diamonds. And as we sailed along I thought mamma stood on the shore and beckoned me to come; but I couldn't leave you, Tom — and then I awoke. I think I am going to die, Tom.

TOM. To die? Oh, don't say that, darling, don't! My heart is broken already, and to have you taken away, it would kill me.

NELLIE (*taking locket from neck*). Tom, Miss Rose gave this to me to keep as long as I lived. Now, Tom, you take it. (*TOM takes it.*) And when I'm dead, give it back to her and tell her to always wear it for my sake, and tell her I want her to love you as much as I have, won't you, Tom?

TOM (*aside*). O God! I cannot.

NELLIE. Won't you promise me, Tom?

TOM (*pause; looks at NELLIE*). Yes, darling, I — I will.

NELLIE. O Tom, you have been so good to me, I hate to leave you. Kiss Grammy and Ruth for me, and tell Uncle Davie to be good, and, Tom, where are you?

TOM. Here I am, darling, don't you see me?

NELLIE. Tom, I want to go home to see Miss Rose. Won't you take me, Tom? I would so much like to see the water

once more, and there is such a noise here. Can't we go back, Tom?

TOM. Yes, darling, when you get better.

NELLIE. O Tom, listen. (*Pause.*) Don't you hear that beautiful music? And — see — see, there's mamma. See, she wants us to come, Tom; won't you go, Tom? Please come. (*She gasps and dies, and falls back in his arms; he lays her down gently, rises and stares at NELLIE.*)

TOM. Dead! dead! My little Nellie dead. (*Bows head and weeps.*) Home gone, Rose — Rose — gone — Nellie gone! My God, it is complete! Oh, what have I got to live for now? I wish I was dead — dead! Yes, and in that drawer is the instrument of death; a slight pressure of the trigger and I should be beyond all pain and sorrow, and be with little Nellie. (*Weeps.*) By Heaven, I'll do it! (*Opens drawer for pistol, and gets Bible instead; looks at it, then reads.*) Mother, yes! I have got something to live for, — something to protect. I was wrong to think of self-destruction. (*Bends over cot.*) Dead! No — no — not that, not that. Come, Nellie, we'll go back — we'll go back. (*Takes her in his arms; enter MRS. MANLY.*)

MRS. M. Did you call, Tom?

TOM (*down c.*). Come, mother, get your things on; we are going home — Nellie and me.

MRS. M. (*at back; weeps*). The poor lad's lost his mind.

TOM. We are going home; we are going to see Miss Rose, ain't we, Nellie? (*Looks at NELLIE, then drops on one knee.*) Nellie, won't you speak to me? (*Pants.*) Dead — dead. (*Slowly raises his hand toward heaven.*) O God, Thy will be done!

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE. — ROSE's home in Harpswell. A rich room scene. Chairs, R. and L., and anything that will indicate wealth. Sofa, L., on which is TOM at rise of curtain. UNCLE DAVIE stands at head, with hand on TOM's brow.

UNCLE D. Well, we're here at last; started this morning from Boston. Tom was bound to come. The poor lad was awfully cut up, but — (*sighs*) I s'pos' it's something he's got to get used to. Hulloo! (*Listens; quartet sings old song off stage at back; TOM rises as song ceases.*)

TOM. I — where am I? Where have I been? Oh, it's you, Davie. How strange you look — I must have been dreaming.

UNCLE D. Have ye, Tom?

TOM. Yes; the clouds were rolling over, purplish, dark, and threatening, and ere they broke a little hand — my Nellie's hand — parted the vapory curtain, and through the aperture thus formed came streams of dazzling light, lighting our pathway to a beautiful paradise beyond.

UNCLE D. Well, Tom, I ain't much on dreams, but that sounds good. I hope it will bring you good luck.

TOM. Oh, I hope so, Davie; but sometimes when I think of my past luck, I wish I was dead.

UNCLE D. Come, come, Tom, you must not take on like that. Those things happen to most men in the course of their lives. Why, Tom, you are all right. Don't you call that luck when old Hammond offered this place for sale, and you got the chance to buy it?

TOM. Yes; and luckiest of all in having such a friend as you, Davie. What would my little family have done, but for you? O Davie, how can I ever repay the kindness?

UNCLE D. There, there, Tom, don't talk like that. Didn't you snatch me from the very jaws of death? And ought I not to be good to you and yours? You are the only friends I have in the world.

TOM. Don't say that, Davie, I'm sure you've got lots of friends; but have you ever learned anything of your daughter?

UNCLE D. No, Tom; since you have been sick, I have searched everywhere, but 'tis no use, Tom. I don't believe I'll ever see her again, and if you will let me I want to live here with you till the sun of my life goes down, and then perhaps I shall see her there. (*Points up.*) But, Tom, why did you come to this place after they had gone? You — you can't have any very pleasant thoughts about — about Rose.

TOM. Don't speak of her, Davie; let her memory be dead between us. I loved her with my whole life, and believed she loved me; but she — she sold herself. What do I care what the price was, whether it was money or position. You know I have passed the happiest hours of my life here, and the good book teaches us to forgive and forget.

UNCLE D. Yes; but it's darned hard to forget, ain't it, Tom?

TOM (*nods*). I came here to keep my promise to the dead.

UNCLE D. What? I don't understand. There's nobody dead here.

TOM (*tenderly*). No, Davie; but when Nellie died she made me promise to give this little locket to Ro — Miss Prescott. (*Pulls locket from pocket.*)

UNCLE D. (*takes locket and looks at it eagerly*). Tom, Tom! (*Staggers back.*) For God's sake, Tom! where did you get it?

TOM. Why, Davie, what is the matter?

UNCLE D. Never mind me, where did you get that locket?

TOM. Why, I told you Nellie gave it to me.

UNCLE D. Yes, yes; but who gave it to her?

TOM. Why, Miss Prescott gave it to her on the very night she was thrown into the water. Why, did you ever see it before?

UNCLE D. (*joyously*). Ever see it before? I should say I had. Tom, that dream of yours is coming true. Nellie's hand has parted the curtain, and I can see the light already. Tom, will you let me take that locket for one hour?

TOM. Why, of course I will, two if you like.

UNCLE D. Oh, thank you, Tom, thank you. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes.*) Don't mind me, Tom, but my scuppers are running over. I tell ye there's an old saying, "It's always darkest just before dawn." We've been groping around in the dark for the past year, but now I can see the sun rising, and before it gets much higher, we will have a picnic here — no, it'll be a regular circus. But come, Tom, we'll go over to the old place and I'll tell ye all about it. (*They exeunt, C. D. ; enter ROSE, L. I E.*)

ROSE. I must have been mistaken, but I thought I heard voices in here. (*Sits.*) Oh, how long must I endure this torture, this pain. One year ago I was happy — oh, so happy; but now all the beauty and light have gone out of my life, and I — I think if I have to endure much more of the anguish which I sometimes suffer, I shall go mad. (*Bows head and weeps ; DAVIE enters, C. D.*)

UNCLE D. I left Tom sitting on a rock staring at the water as if he had never seen any before, and hurried back to find Rose. Tumbled over that darned wall and nigh broke my neck. (*Sees ROSE.*) Oh, there she is! Yes, the same proud head, the same hair. Oh, she must be my child; and if she is, things will be mighty uncomfortable for old Farren, or Hammond, as he calls himself. (*Taps table.*) Rose! (*Taps again.*) Miss Prescott! (*ROSE looks up, sees UNCLE DAVIE, runs to meet him.*)

ROSE. O Uncle Davie, I'm so glad to see you!

UNCLE D. Are ye? Same here; but, bless me, what is the matter with you? You look as though you wasn't happy and — where has your smile gone to, Rose?

ROSE. Never mind me; you must tell me all about yourself first. Where have you been, and what have you been doing all these long months?

UNCLE D. Oh, I've been knocking round as usual, but I got tired of it, so here I am back again. But, Rose, you look as though you had been crying. What's the matter?

ROSE. I have been thinking, Uncle Davie, that it is one year ago to-day that Tom died.

UNCLE D. (*aside*). The devil he did! There is something wrong here. (*Aloud.*) Yes, so he did — so he did.

ROSE. O Uncle Davie, were you with him when he died? What did he say?

UNCLE D. Y-e-s I — I was with him, but I — I've forgot what he said.

ROSE. Forgot? O Davie, how could you? See (*takes letter from bosom*), here is the letter he wrote me. (*Gives him letter.*)

UNCLE D. (*reads*). "Dear Rose: — Good-by. I am dying of fever. James will kindly give you my ring when it is over. Try and forget me and be happy without me. Too weak to write more. Good-by. Tom." (*Aside.*) The miserable cuss!

ROSE. What were you saying?

UNCLE D. Oh, nothing, nothing. (*Aside.*) I see it all now; but we'll see — we'll see, William Farren. (*To ROSE.*) Rose, who gave you that letter?

ROSE. James gave it to me when he gave me the ring. He was there when he died, you know.

UNCLE D. Yes. (*Aside.*) It's a wonder his delicate nerves stood it. But, Rose — was — was you real sorry that he died?

ROSE. Uncle Davie, if all your heart and soul were wrapped up in one person, and she died, would you not be sorry?

UNCLE D. (*aside*). I wish Tom could hear that; he'd be glad he was dead. Yes, I s'pos' I should; but ain't ye happy here, Rose?

ROSE. O Davie, I suppose I should be, for they are so good to me, and — I most forgot, this is my wedding-day.

UNCLE D. Most forgot your wedding-day! You can't feel as I did when I was married. That was all I could think of.

ROSE. Oh, tell me about it, do. Was — was the bride pretty?

UNCLE D. Yes, Rose, she was — pretty and good. She looked a great deal like you, Rose!

ROSE. Now you have descended to flattery.

UNCLE D. Rose, did you ever see this before? (*Shows locket.*)

ROSE. Why, yes; I gave it to Nellie on her birthday. Where did you get it?

UNCLE D. Tom gave it to me.

ROSE. Tom?

UNCLE D. I — I mean Mrs. Manly. (*Aside.*) Come near letting the cat out that time. Will you tell me where you got it?

ROSE. Why, certainly. My mother, of whom I have the faintest remembrance, gave it to me.

UNCLE D. (*joyously*). She did? Can you remember your father?

ROSE. Oh, I wish I could; then perhaps, I should find him if he were alive; but all I can remember is a kind face and strong arms that used to toss me in the air.

UNCLE D. Rose, s'pos' — s'pos' you found him, and he was poor like — like — well, like me, what would you do?

ROSE. If I should ever find my father, no matter if he was begging in the street, I would do all that a daughter's love could do.

UNCLE D. God bless you for those words, Rose. I knew you would. (*Weeps.*)

ROSE. Why, Uncle Davie, what are you crying for?

UNCLE D. I ain't crying; but, Rose, tell me, do you honestly love the man you are going to marry to-day?

ROSE. James has been very good to me, but — but I shall

never love any one as I did Tom. (*Sinks into chair.*) O Davie, I am wretched.

UNCLE D. (*aside*). I'll go and tell Tom this minute. Darn it! If I stay here much longer I shall bust. (*Puts hand on ROSE's head.*) Cheer up, little girl, you feel badly now, but before night, I'll make your little heart so glad, you won't know you ever had any sorrow, darned if I don't. (*Exit C.*)

ROSE. O Uncle Davie, I wish you could but (*looks up*) — why, he's gone. What did he mean? Can it be that he knows of my father? Oh, it can't be true. And his questions about James. I don't understand it. Before night he will make me so happy. (*Sighs.*) He seemed surprised when I showed him Tom's letter. Can it be they are deceiving me? No, I can hardly believe that! Ah, before another day dawns I shall be James's wife. Am I doing right? I do not love him and he knows it; but he loves me, and 'tis Guardy's wish; yet, there is something tells me it should not be. If I thought they were deceiving me I never would marry him. (*Enter JAMES.*)

JAMES. Ah, Rose, you here? (*Going to her side.*)

ROSE. Have you been looking for me?

JAMES. Yes; I wish to ask if there is any thing you wish me to do in regard to our coming marriage?

ROSE. If you have come here with any evil in your heart or with the intention to deceive, pause before you say more. I am an almost friendless woman, and have no claim upon you except your compassion, so on your honor as a gentleman and in the presence of the God who made you, speak to me only such truth as you will utter in his judgment. Now answer — have you ever deceived me in regard to Tom Manly?

JAMES (*aside, agitated*). What can she mean? Has any one told her? (*Aloud.*) Why, Rose, can you think me so base? I have never deceived you; Tom Manly is dead — has — has any one told you differently?

ROSE. No, James; but — but sometimes I think I am not doing right by consenting to this marriage.

JAMES. Not doing right? Why, Rose, what should make you think so? You know that I love you dearly, truly.

ROSE. And yet you know that I still love Tom, though he be dead, and that I shall, in all probability, love him always.

JAMES. O Rose, you do not care for me now, but you will in time, for I will make you so happy.

ROSE. Very well, then, I will carry out my promise, dreadful as it is to me. But remember, it is only because you and Guardy wish it, and the responsibility of its consequences must always remain with you. I will be ready in time. (*Exit, L. C. E.*)

JAMES. Why does Rose act so strangely? Can it be that she has heard anything? I have noticed of late she has been in a state of melancholy and depression, from which nothing seems to arouse her. There can be only one reason for this — our coming mar-

riage. She loves that fisherman, and were she to know that he still lives, my chances would be slim. But pshaw! I'll not think of it, for before the sun sets to-night she will be my wife, and then Tom Manly can come if he likes; he'll not get her. (*Enter SQUIRE, reading letter.*)

SQUIRE. Well, James, I have been very successful in disposing of the property. My agent writes me, he has sold both the farms. This place goes to a Boston man, and Manly's to a Western gentleman. He didn't give the names.

JAMES. Why did you wish to sell them at all? You know Rose likes here, and I can't see how you are going to better yourself.

SQUIRE. Why, James, you know Manly wishes to come back here, and I think you will admit that it would be rather unpleasant to have Rose learn of our little deception.

JAMES. True, I had not given it a thought. But tell me, is that all the reason you have for leaving here?

SQUIRE (*aside*). Can it be that he knows of my perfidy?

JAMES (*louder*). I say, is that all the reason you sold this place?

SQUIRE. Why, yes! yes! Did you think I had any other? Your happiness is everything to me, James. (*Aside.*) That's a lie, and I believe he knows it, but I can't bear to tell him the real cause, he would disown me. No, no, I cannot.

JAMES. Then you would sacrifice your own happiness for mine, for I believe I have heard you say that you liked this place better than any you had ever been in.

SQUIRE. Well, well! A man is liable to change his mind, you know. But are the arrangements for the wedding all completed?

JAMES. Yes, everything is done that can be done, and I must go and dress or I shall be late; I must not keep Rose waiting.

SQUIRE (*rubbing hands*). Yes, yes, that's right, that's right. Always be punctual. I will drive over and get the Rev. Mr. Medhurst. (*Aside.*) I shall be glad when this business is over, and we are well out of this place. (*Exit C. D.*)

JAMES. There is something about my father that I cannot fathom. He seems to have something on his mind. He seems to be groping along in the shadow of some gloomy past. What the mystery is that envelops him, I neither know nor care to inquire, but I'm sure there is one. (*Looks at watch.*) I shall have to hurry or I shall be late. (*Starts L.; SI enters, C.*)

SI. Beg pardon, but if you have time, I will give you the privilege of an interview.

JAMES. You are very kind, but if you have anything to say, you will have to be quick, as I am in a hurry.

SI. You should never be in a hurry, James. Look at me, I never hurry. Remember the hare and the tortoise; consider me the turtle.

JAMES (*impatiently*). Well, what brought you here?

SI. My feet. I came here to return your property. (*Shows watch chain.*)

JAMES. Yes, I lost it some time ago. Where did you find it?

SI. I found it in the lighthouse the night of the accident, and here's your paper-weight. (*Shows weight.*)

JAMES (*agitated*). Sir, that's not mine — where — where did you get it?

SI. Sir, that is yours, for here is your name, and you know where I found it — in Tom Manly's satchel where you threw it into the water. So you are the one that gave Nellie her bath, are you?

JAMES (*aside*). My God! this fool has found me out. (*Fiercely.*) Come, no more of this; if you don't leave here immediately I'll kick you out.

SI (*strikes attitude*). To be or not to be, that is the question, whether it is nobler in the mind to get kicked out, or go out quietly. He doesn't look very bad, so I guess I'll stay.

JAMES. Are you going? (*SI folds arms.*)

SI. Lay on, Macduff!

JAMES. Very well then, if you are not out when I return I'll — I'll kill you. (*Exit hurriedly, L.*)

SI. What a loss to art my death will be. Ah, James Hammond, I know your secret, and I know you, and I'll introduce you to somebody before very long. (*Enter RUTH and MRS. MANLY, C.*)

RUTH. O mother, here's Si. (*Runs to him.*) I knew you'd come.

SI (*embracing her*). Of course you did. Never told a lie in my life. Ah, Mrs. Manly, how do you do? (*Goes to her.*) You're looking nicely.

MRS. M. Now look here, Si, don't go to flattering the first thing, though I am feeling pretty well. But you look as slick as a new pin. That's a real pretty necktie; what did you pay for it?

SI. Ha, ha, ha! That cost me the munificent sum of fifty cents, and what's more, I worked hard to get it.

MRS. M. Now look here, Si, don't you go to lying the first thing.

SI. Fact; and what will surprise you still more (*strikes attitude*), behold the possessor of thousands!

RUTH. O Si!

SI. No, I've sighed enough. When at my work, I've sighed for the little girl I left behind me; in my dreams I've sighed for her, and when (*taking her hands*) I received your note, ses I, Si, sigh no more, and here I am and shall waste no more sighs on your size, for I intend to make us both of one size.

RUTH. There's many a slip 'twixt lip and cup, you know. Ha, ha!

MRS. M. Well, Si, you may have a little more money than you had when you went away, but you ain't got any more wit.

RUTH. O Si, are you really rich? How did you do it?

SI. Oh, as the poet says, "I've passed though many a changing scene since last I sat by thee."

MRS. M. Never mind the poet, let's hear the story.

SI. Well, you know when I left, I joined a travelling theatrical company. Ah, then I longed for the stage, but in three short weeks I would have been satisfied with a horse-car, for we busted.

MRS. M. For the land's sake! Busted?

SI. Yes, busted — stranded upon the shores of adversity in a little town in western Pennsylvania. I didn't have money enough to pay my fare home, so, sad to relate, I had to go to work. I worked six months for a woman who gave me two acres of barren land for my pay.

RUTH. Oh, the wretch!

MRS. M. That's worse than old Simpkins, making his hired man take his pay in moth-eaten stocking yarn.

SI. Well, for once I was in luck, for I only had it two months, when they discovered oil on it, and I sold it at my own price, so here I am. (*Strikes attitude.*) Rich, respected, and reformed!

RUTH. So, I'm to marry a rich man after all. (*Clapping hands.*)

SI. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, you know. Ha, ha!

MRS. M. A poor girl had better be in her grave than married, that is, if she can't marry a decent man.

RUTH. I — I don't think I'll ever marry anyway.

SI. Oh, yes, you will.

RUTH. To quarrel with my husband? I guess not.

SI. Think how nice 'twill be to have a husband to quarrel with.

RUTH. What villains men are, anyway.

SI. Yes, they are.

RUTH. To bring grief upon poor woman, and what fools women are.

SI. They are — they are.

RUTH. I mean to notice them.

SI. Oh, well, now you've heard my story, let's hear about yourself and Tom. Where's Tom? I haven't seen him yet.

MRS. M. O Si, Tom ain't the man he was when you went away. Since Nellie died he hasn't seemed like himself.

RUTH. More like since Rose gave him up. You know that letter you gave me for him the night you went away? (*SI nods.*) Well, in that letter she gave him up.

SI. I can sympathize with him; I've been given up myself.

RUTH. You know Nellie died that same night, and the two coming together most killed him. He was taken with brain-fever, and is just getting over it. But Uncle Davie pulled us through — he's just a darling.

MRS. M. I only wish you was going to get as good a man.

SI. You'll repent all your rudeness to me one of these days.

RUTH. Well, he has taken care of us all since Tom has been sick. He got some money that was due him in California, and gave

it to Tom to buy this place with. He tried to buy the old place, but it was sold, and he took this one, though it cost a good deal more.

MRS. M. Yes, but I'd give more for one foot of the old place than I would for this whole farm.

SI. Will you take back everything you've said about me, if I'll give it back to you?

MRS. M. Yes, Si Kidder; now if you've got money and will get the old place back again for me, I'll take back everything I've said and everything I'm going to say.

SI. And will you take me to board, and treat me as an aristocratic son-in-law should be treated?

MRS. M. Yes, I'll promise anything, if you'll only get it back.

SI. Get up in the morning and build the fire?

MRS. M. Well — er — I don't know — well, yes.

SI. Then prepare for another surprise. When I first came back I see by the papers it was advertised for sale. The very thing, ses I, for a wedding present to my bride; so I bought it. (*Looks at RUTH.*) But I've changed my mind, and I give it to you. (*Gives MRS. MANLY deed.*) And for you, Ruth, I've got something else — myself. Will you take me?

RUTH. O Si, you know I can't refuse: (*Throws arms around neck.*)

MRS. M. That's right, Ruth, hug him; he deserves it. Si Kidder, I'll never say another word agin ye as long as I live. Ye ain't half as big a fool as ye look. (*Throws arms round neck from behind; RUTH still keeps hers around him in front.*)

SI. Shades of the departed Hamlet! I bathe my weary spirit in sweet visions of the future. (*Enter DAVIE, C. D.*)

UNCLE D. Si, I guess you're in it, but it's something you've got to get used to. Tom wants you all to come down on the beach; he has found something he wants to show you. (*Aside.*) I've got to get them away from here somehow, or they'll spoil everything.

RUTH. Come, Si, we'll go for a sail.

SI (*strikes attitude*). Lead on, my adorable; I will follow thee. (*All exeunt C. D.; pause, then enter SQUIRE and MEDHURST.*)

SQUIRE. Now, Mr. Medhurst, James wished me to say to you that he wanted you to be as concise as possible. He is in something of a hurry to have it over with.

MEDHURST. Very well, sir, if he wishes it, but —

SQUIRE. But what?

MED. Well, I never like to hurry through so sacred a ceremony as this. (*Music, wedding march; enter ROSE and JAMES, L., in wedding costume; they stop C.; MEDHURST comes down, music stops.*)

MED. If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace. (*DAVIE and TOM enter C. D. hurriedly.*)

UNCLE D. I do. (*All start back; ROSE rushes to TOM and embraces him.*)

SQUIRE. Tom Manly! You here? Once you told me to quit your house; now I order you to leave mine. (*Points c.*) Go!

TOM. Yours no longer. I bought it of your agent yesterday, and here is the deed. (*Pulls deed from pocket.*) So, you see, Squire Hammond, it is once more time to bid you go. (*Points c.*)

MED. By what authority do you stop this marriage?

UNCLE D. By the authority of a father. That girl is my daughter.

ROSE (*runs to* UNCLE DAVIE). My father! Ah! you have indeed made me happy.

SQUIRE (*aside; agitated*). I must not betray myself now. You claim my ward as your daughter — why, what do you mean?

UNCLE D. Your ward? What do I mean? You devil! I mean this. Years ago I had a wife and child. The child was stolen from me. For years I thought she was dead, and when, an hour ago, Tom showed me that locket (*holds up locket*), and told me it was hers, I knew she was my child, and that you was the miserable cuss who attempted my life.

SI. Go down on your knees and beg for the privilege of hanging yourself.

SQUIRE. Not so fast; I gave her that locket.

UNCLE D. You did? Have you got the other half of this picture? (*SQUIRE starts back.*) No, you ain't, for I have. (*Shows picture.*) 'Tis the picture of her mother.

ROSE. My mother! Oh, do let me see it! (*Enter* MRS. MANLY *and* RUTH.)

SQUIRE (*extreme L.; aside*). This, then, is the end. I felt it was coming. What is there left me?

UNCLE D. Time has brought its revenge; and if, before you are forty-eight hours older, you do not make acquaintance with a bitterness worse than death, my name is not David Morris. I'll repay every darned bit, with interest, too. You may not like your new quarters, but it's something you've got to get used to.

SQUIRE. I trust you will allow me to go into the library for a moment, will you not? (*Aside.*) I never can go to prison alive.

UNCLE D. Yes; go anywhere ye want to. Ye can't get away. (*SQUIRE exit L.*)

TOM. Now, James Hammond, 'tis my turn.

JAMES. Yes; and I suppose you will make the most of it. (*Exit* RUTH L.)

TOM. Si has told me everything. Do you remember I told you I would one day stand face to face with the man who threw Nellie into the breakers? I told you I would have no mercy; but, oh, James Hammond, you thought me a fool, and I was, compared with you, but I'll show you that even a fool can have mercy. James, you have done me a great wrong, but you have done yourself a greater one, so I'll give you one chance, and that is, to leave the country. Take the money you stole and go. I do not blame, but I pity you.

JAMES. Pity! don't pity me. I will not be pitied by you. Mock me, if you will; it is your turn now. But why, why do you do this?

TOM. A short while ago a poor woman came to me and proved to me beyond a doubt that Nellie was her child; and when I told her she was dead, she fainted, and was taken to the hospital, and died the next week. That woman was your wife.

JAMES. My wife! My wife!

TOM. Yes, your wife, James Hammond, whom you so cruelly deserted. And the baby you murdered was your own child.

JAMES. My God! Not that — not that!

SI. Shakespeare says, and he knows, "many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage."

ROSE. Oh, this is terrible!

JAMES. Rose, I — I've been bad enough, but I have loved you sincerely. Will you forgive me?

ROSE. You ask forgiveness of me, and say that you have done wrong! Do you know that you have, to gain your own selfish ends, blighted my life? Do you understand that you have done me one of the greatest injuries one person can do to another? You whom I thought the very soul of honor! Do you know all this, James Hammond? And, knowing it, do you still ask me to forgive you? Do you think it possible I can forgive? (*Pause.*) No, James Hammond, I can never forgive you, and I pray God that he may never let my feet cross your path or my eyes fall upon your face again. (*Points to C. D.*)

JAMES. Yes, I'll go. (*Meekly.*) I'm not fit company for such as you. We may never meet again, but in thinking of all the injury I have done you both, remember that my punishment is proportionate to my sin. Good-by. (*Goes to C. D; stops, looks back, and exit.*)

SI. That's an emetic for him, ain't it?

MED. Well, as my services are no longer required, I'll bid you good-day.

UNCLE D. No, hold on! We are going to have a wedding here yet. Rose — Tom, are ye willin'?

ROSE. O Un — I mean, father; isn't it rather sudden?

SI. Hold on a minute and I'll make it four-handed. (*Pistol-shot heard; RUTH rushes on screaming.*)

RUTH. Oh, come quick — come quick! Mr. Hammond has shot himself.

MRS. M. For the land sake — right on that best carpet.

MED. I'll attend to it. (*Exit L.*)

TOM (*to ROSE*). God has given you back to me, Rose, and only he knows how I thank him for the gift. I can hardly believe it is but a dream, but when I look around me and see so many kind friends, and a happy home again after all the sorrow and pain, and know I have got the best little woman in the world, I think I am right in saying I have had more than *A Fisherman's Luck*.

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